

"BOBBIE McDUFF," the great serial by CLINTON ROSS.

# LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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GENERAL MACEO, THE CUBAN LEADER, WAS INVITED BY THE SPANIARDS TO A PARLEY UNDER A FLAG OF TRUCE, AND THEN, TOGETHER WITH HIS COMPANIONS, ASSASSINATED.—[SEE EDITORIAL PAGE.]

## RIDING TO HIS DEATH.

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ARKELL WEEKLY COMPANY, Publishers and Proprietors,  
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## Cuban Liberty.



CUBAN liberty can be secured by a single word from one man.

If Mr. Cleveland should say to Spain, "Stop," the war would be at an end and Cuban liberty would be secured.

The Cubans know this; the Spaniards know it; Mr. Cleveland knows it; the American people know it.

The responsibility on Mr. Cleveland in this

emergency is therefore very great.

But Mr. Cleveland has never been one to shirk responsibility.

On the contrary, he has proved time and time again during his very wonderful public career that he is a brave man, who does what he thinks to be right, regardless of the consequences to himself or to his friends.

He proved this in his famous tariff message; he proved it again when he sent an ultimatum to Lord Salisbury in the Venezuelan matter.

We cannot believe that Mr. Cleveland is lukewarm or indifferent in this matter. His recent message to Congress shows that he is tolerably well informed and seriously endeavoring to be fair.

The duty of the President of the United States requires that he should be fair to Spain as well as to Cuba.

But nothing requires that he should be unfair to humanity, unfair to civilization.

And that is what Mr. Cleveland is accomplishing by his continued and no doubt conscientious delay.

The murders by the Spaniards in Cuba reached their culminating atrocity when the brave Maceo was lured to a parley and basely assassinated.

Assassination is not war, and has never been so considered since the first dawn of civilization.

But that is the kind of war the Spaniards have waged ever since the patriot flag was raised in Cuba.

They have been compelled to resort to this method of fighting, though the bloodthirsty Weyler has the largest army of invasion ever mustered on American soil.

His army is much greater than any British force that confronted the Continentals when our forefathers struggled for the liberty we love so well.

His army is five times greater than the combined forces of Scott and Taylor when they invaded Mexico and conquered that proud country.

And yet the only victories Weyler has gained have been those against innocent and harmless non-combatants and against military opponents who thought themselves secure beneath a flag of truce.

Mr. Cleveland had doubts of his duty a month ago, but when he learns officially of Maceo's treacherous murder we cannot believe that he will hesitate longer.

All of his sturdy manhood will cry out against the cowardice and the damnable treachery which ensnared an honorable foe who could not be beaten in a fair field.

Mr. Cleveland must say the single word that his duty to humanity and civilization requires that he should speak.

If he delay much longer the people will demand that he do his duty at once and speak.

And when that word is spoken Cuba quickly will be free.

## Kansas.

THE newspapers in Kansas are entertaining their readers just now in discussing the question—What ails Kansas? This is interesting, for when men and women begin to have

doubts about themselves there is hope that the dawn of a wider intelligence is nigh. One thing is certain, Kansas has had more than her share of public cranks during the last little while—yes, for a long time past. Let any foolish and utterly silly proposition as to political economy or public finance be agitated with insistent vociferousness, and if it did not originate in Kansas it is sure to find the strongest kind of support there. Now, there must be some reason for this. What is it? The most distinguishing fact in the history of Kansas is the very low percentage of illiteracy there. More persons, proportionately, can read and write in Kansas than in Massachusetts—more, even, than in New York. Now, may not the cause of Kansas crankiness be found right here? They have been taught to read, but not to think; they have been given edged tools and not taught how best to use them. Semi-education is as bad and as dangerous as ignorance. Kansas, with an illiterate percentage of only four per cent. of those over ten years old, is on a par with South Carolina with a percentage of forty-five per cent. One State sends Peffer to the Senate and the other sends Tillman. It is only a toss-up between them. If the people of Kansas will go in for real education instead of a humbug literacy, Kansas will be a better place to hail from, a better place to go to.

## Mr. Choate for Senator.

THE suggestion made some weeks ago by this paper that the good people of New York should endeavor to secure a proper representative in the upper house of Congress has taken definite shape, and Mr. Joseph H. Choate has accepted the nomination of the Union League Club for United States Senator.

In his speech advocating Mr. Choate's nomination by the Union League, Mr. Guthrie adopted the argument of this paper that there could be no disputing the fact that if Mr. Choate's candidacy were submitted to the people he would receive an overwhelming majority. But the difficulty is that the people cannot do the voting; now we are to see whether the representatives of the people will carry out the people's wishes, or obey the orders of leaders upon whose leadership the people have had no opportunity directly to pass. That there are men in the Republican party with the courage to go into what on the first blush seemed a hopeless contest is encouraging; that they should continue in the contest as though there were a chance to win is most encouraging. The Republican cynics and the professional cynics jeer at the movement with many sneers. But the sneers of cynicism do not often prevail over genuine worth and true courage.

Mr. Choate may be defeated, but it will not be long before the people will have something to say to those who should disregard so fair an opportunity.

## The Plague of City Noises.

A REALLY excellent public service has been performed by Dr. John H. Girdner, an eminent physician of New



DR. JOHN H. GIRDNER.  
Photograph by Dupont.

York, in starting a movement for the abatement of the unnecessary noises with which city people are afflicted by night as well as by day. Those of us who have sensitive nervous organizations have always been aware of a certain measure of discomfort, but until Dr. Girdner's vigorous protest in the *North American Review* we did not appreciate the seriousness of the conditions. The doctor suggests a society for the prevention of noises, with powers similar in scope to the powers of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. "It should," he says, "make a study of the noises of the city, and through its own powers, and by advice and co-operation of various city departments, suppress such noises as are unnecessary, and reduce to the minimum of disturbance those that are necessary. Such a work could not fail to be of immense benefit to the public, both in the matter of comfort and health. And the last word on the advantage of a city of comparative peace and quiet cannot be said until account is taken of the assistance such a state of things would render the individual in securing that inward peace which passeth understanding."

## The Youngest Member.

WHENEVER there is a national election we find speculations going the rounds of the press as to some member phenomenally young. This year we have heard of the late Speaker Crisp's son, appointed to succeed his father, and also of Mr. Fitzgerald, of Boston, and Mr. Bradley, of New York. But neither of these is the youngest member the House has had. A man cannot sit in the House of Representatives till he has reached twenty-five years. The only man who ever took his seat on his twenty-fifth birthday was John Young Brown, recently Governor of Kentucky. Mr. Brown was elected before he had reached the legal age, and could not take his seat in the first session. The young gentlemen named, indeed, are not much, if any, younger than

scores of others who have served in the lower house of Congress. Conspicuous examples are John Randolph, of Roanoke, and John C. Breckinridge. Each entered when he was twenty-six. General Breckinridge achieved great distinction at a very early age, as he was Vice-President at thirty-two and a Senator at thirty-six. It is a curious fact that had Mr. Buchanan died at any time during the first three years of his term the Vice-President would have been ineligible as his successor, as the President must be thirty-five. A Senator, however, needs only to have "come to thirty year," and as Breckinridge was above this age limit he could serve as president of the Senate. But these youthful honors pale before those achieved by William Pitt, who was a member of Parliament at twenty-one, chancellor of the exchequer at twenty-three, prime minister of England at twenty-four—and a great prime minister at that.

## A Criminal Perplexity.

Two years or so ago an ignorant Italian girl in New York killed her lover, a bootblack, by cutting his throat with a razor. The crime was brutal and atrocious, the only apparent excuse being the mad anger and jealousy of a woman betrayed and discarded. That this ignorant woman, ignorant almost beyond the lowest human scale, should be punished seemed inevitable. It happened, however, that she was tried before an hysterical judge, who secured her conviction and condemned her to death. This punishment seemed, in the eyes of many, too severe, and so a great interest in the young woman was worked up, and after a long delay a new trial secured. This trial has just resulted in her acquittal. The ground upon which she was acquitted was epileptic insanity. That is interesting, as such a defense is rather novel; the real point of interest, however, is another aspect of the case. When this girl killed her lover and first went to jail she was as ignorant as possible, and had never had the advantage of a single good influence. But during her long incarceration she has had friends, she has met with kindness. Such treatment awakened her dormant faculties, quickened her dwarfed intelligence. She learned to read and write; she learned to work; she was made aware that there were good and unselfish men and women in the world. In a word, she was recreated, and when she went to her second trial she was a changed, a different, woman. To punish this Barberi woman in 1897 for the crime committed by the Barberi girl in 1895 would have been equivalent to making the wrong person pay the penalty for the crime. In this aspect of the case the acquittal was probably just, but we doubt much whether any such considerations influenced the jury that found the verdict.



MARIA BARBERI.

## Chore-time of the Century.

FARMERS do their "chores" at the close of the day. The century has now reached its chore-time and must round out the work of the morning and the afternoon and get ready for a new day. President McKinley's administration will finish up the century. There have been many prophecies as to what that administration will accomplish, and it is not necessary at this time to increase them. But the century has many loose ends of work to finish up before its chores are done; and a work which no administration, however able or incompetent, can either materially aid or retard.

We are in the last quadrennial of the most remarkable century in history. The world has advanced so far since 1800 that the beginning of this century seems as far away to us as did the times of Abraham and Priam to the people who lived in 1800. We have made a two-thousand-year run in one hundred years' time. The *Zeitgeist* now travels by lightning express over a steel railroad, where formerly he traveled by ox-team over a cart-path. The car of Progress is now hitched to an electric dynamo, where formerly it was hitched to a refractory mule-span. The world goes spinning down "the ringing grooves of change" as fast as Uncle Sam's mail through his new pneumatic tubes. It seems almost as if the world had literally taken Emerson's advice and hitched its wagon to a star. Let the gazing galaxies make room for our stellar vehicle.

All this being true, we have good reason to expect that the century will perform great things during its chore-time of the coming four years; and that the world at the close of McKinley's administration will be a vastly different place from what it is now.

It is more prudent to prophesy after the event has happened than before. Yet even a wayfaring man can predict with approximate certainty many things that are pretty sure to happen during the next four years. Let us venture a few prophecies.

The motorcycle will be in fairly common use at the beginning of the twentieth century. The horse is a superannuate. Every bicyclist, even now, can be his own horse. But we have already put a bridle on the lightning in the use of the motorcycle, and a man can now become his own horse without a pedal attachment. It is true this bridle does not fit just right as yet; but there will be plenty of time to adjust it during the next four years. The motorcycle will be here in quite considerable numbers in 1900.

There will be no bad roads in thickly settled communities in 1900. This lightning age is impatient of mud-sloughs and gullies, and all mud-sloughs and gullies must go. It would be extravagant to say that all main-traveled roads will be a good



as race-tracks at the close of this century; but there will be a pretty general determination, by that time to make them so as soon as the reform can be practically carried out. The country highway, which is a mud river in the spring and a dust-cloud in the summer, is not a suitable boulevard for the bicycle which is here and in operation, or for the motorcycle which is here and is about to operate.

The air will not be very full of flying-machines in 1900, and the sun will not be darkened by them for several years thereafter. But we already have flying-machines that fly, after a bungling fashion, and there is no doubt that they will fly more gracefully at the close of McKinley's term. We are not going to acknowledge our inferiority to fish-hawks and sea-gulls much longer. Man has already come to the conclusion that, with a little practice, he can fly as well as a crow or a wild-goose. There will be a few stray flying-machines floating about, in an amateur way, at the beginning of 1900; and they will increase in number, like English sparrows, from that time on. We will not sigh for the wings of a dove much longer. We can make a better thing in wings ourselves.

There is no telling what Edison and Tesla will do in electrical invention during the next four years. You cannot forecast the achievements of men who have fallen into the habit of doing miracles. Edison and Tesla have fallen into the miracle habit; and there are hundreds of other wonder-workers, almost as thaumaturgical as these great wizards themselves, who may spring some newly invented prodigy upon the world at any moment. It would be no stranger for us to talk with Mars in 1900 than it would have been for New York to talk with Chicago before the invention of the telephone.

We have already put a harness on Niagara, and of course we shall find no difficulty in putting many smaller harnesses on many smaller cataracts. After we have harnessed the mastodon we shall not be afraid to bridle the kid. We have made the opaque transparent, and photographed the inside of men's bodies; and perhaps some day we shall be able to throw upon a screen stereopticon pictures of their minds. We have learned how to cure incurable diseases; and perhaps some day there will be left no incurable disease but old age. These things may not all come in four years, but many things perhaps as wonderful, which we have not mentioned or thought of, may come in their stead. Time travels to-day much more rapidly than was his wont; and he carries a big portmanteau with him, from which every year he scatters strange and unexpected gifts among the children of men. We may not talk with Mars in 1900, but we may do something just as wonderful which is now undreamed of.

So it is, perhaps, not entirely profitable to predict how far progress will advance in four years; but we know with its present momentum it will advance very far. We cannot tell what the next four years will do. But we can feel certain that they will do many wonderful things; and, judging from past experience, they will do things more wonderful than we expect. We will all watch with expectant interest while the century "does its chores."

### People Talked About.

=NEXT to the candidates for President, the American who aroused greatest interest in England during the recent campaign was Senator Wolcott, of Colorado. To our British cousins there is a Bret Harte element of romance about the silver State Senator. His wealth, his nerve (at the poker-table and elsewhere), his dash, and the eloquence he displayed in Congress when sandlot oratory was expected of him, give him a picturesque personality they never tire of reading about. No other American statesman has been more gossiped about in England than he.

=The first white child born in the vast Northwestern territory now comprised in the States of Minnesota, Wisconsin,

Michigan, Illinois, and Iowa is now an aged, bright-eyed, clear-headed old lady, living in the city of Minneapolis, Mrs. Charlotte Oniscinsin Van Cleve. Mrs. Van Cleve was born at Fort Crawford, a point at the junction of the Wisconsin and Mississippi rivers, seventy-eight years ago the thirtieth of next June. The second of her Christian names was the Indian name of the

river near which she was born, now changed to "Wisconsin." Her father was a young army officer, en route to the post at the head of navigation on the Mississippi River, now known as Fort Snelling. As soon as the mother was strong enough the small family moved on to the fort, where the little girl grew to young womanhood amidst many thrilling and interesting scenes. She was married at the post headquarters, and her husband, who but recently died, General H. P. Van Cleve, was closely identified with the civic and military life of the Northwest. Mrs. Van Cleve is an ardent advocate of sensible reforms, and has done much work in the interests of public enterprises of various kinds. She has done great service in the interests of women, and has been a leader in plans for their advancement. She is still in excellent health, with a mind clear and unimpaired and a keen appreciation of the affairs of the day. She is an excellent public speaker and a ready writer, a woman of splendid character, a notable figure in the life of the vast Northwest.

=Bishop Newman, "Grant's parson," becomes a resident of California by the new order of things among the Methodist

bishops, but only technically so, for his duties entail ten months of travel during the year. The bishop has had a fancy for traveling ever since Grant indulged him with a year's globe-trotting as inspector of consulates, and he will take pleasure in what might prove an irksome task to other church men—circuit-riding of a larger kind. The bishop, as he now is, is physically a fine figure of a man, somewhat after the Beecher kind, and he is an eloquent speaker.

=Among the old young men of this decade General Cassius M. Clay, of Kentucky, is conspicuous. Though he passed his



GENERAL CASSIUS M. CLAY.

eighty-sixth birthday last October, he still has more vigor and go than many men a quarter of a century younger than he. General Clay has always been a fighter. When he opposes anything he has never been accustomed to treat it with gentle methods. To smash has always been his idea of effectiveness. He was an abolitionist in Kentucky as far back as 1852, and no one could intimidate or induce him to stop his free and violent denunciation of an institution which he considered totally wrong. He printed a paper the presses of which had to be guarded by armed men against an offended and angry mob. In 1861 he went as United States minister to Russia, and he has been generally credited, and quite rightly, too, with having done great service in influencing Russia to stand between the United States and the threatened alliance of the European Powers to recognize the Confederacy. General Clay, so as to show his contempt for the limitations of age, took to himself, within the last few years, a young girl as his wife. He lives where he was born, in Madison County, Kentucky, and was most active in the recent political campaign, declaring with his characteristic vigor that he was fighting against anarchy and national death.

=The picture of Mr. O. L. Pruden, assistant secretary to the President, is the result of a snap-shot taken as he mounted the

steps of the Capitol to deliver to Congress the last annual message. Mr. Cleveland will be called upon to make. Mr. Pruden, one of the most courteous and efficient of the permanent staff of the White House, has held a post there continuously since his appointment twenty-four years ago by General Grant. The telegraph-editors in the United States do not need to be told by wire from Washington that a message from the executive mansion was delivered to Congress by Mr. Pruden. That goes without saying. During his long career Mr. Pruden has always performed this duty, and the official communications of six Presidents have been confided to his care. Though Mr. Pruden is a veteran in length of service, he is by no means an old man, and it is likely that he will continue at his post yet through many administrations.

=He is known to the greater public as Droch; to a lesser as Robert Bridges; as a poet, who writes verses which often are



MR. ROBERT BRIDGES, POET, EDITOR, AND CRITIC.

poems, and who, besides, to those of us who try our hand with the pen, is an editor of *Scribner's Magazine*. To see him you think at once he is a Scot, which is indeed quite true, as he is a Pennsylvanian who brought to the literary and journalistic work, from an honorable Scottish lineage, the Scottish feeling for artistic things and artistic achievement, and the Scottish conscientiousness about work and life. From the Southern Pennsylvania hills and meadows—a dear, smiling countryside—he has had a love of out-of-doors and honest, natural things. To these traits, born in him, there has been added a ripe culture from a training at Princeton, where he was a '79 man, and from many experiences and probably much hard work—for a man doesn't often get on without work—in journalism. He has held there many responsible positions, till at last he has reached the comfortable haven of the great magazine where his critical judgment counts for much. For many years *Life* has had the distinction of Droch's terse paragraphs

about books. Droch says in a paragraph what other reviewers say in an essay. The busy man finds it ever pleasantest to read in a few lines what he should read, and so he buys *Life*, and Droch never fails him.

=Mrs. Burnett's visit to Washington will not unlikely be followed by a speedy return to London, if her health permits, for there is something in the literary atmosphere of the British metropolis that entices American writers back when once they have breathed it. This is particularly true of the "lady authors," as they call them there, who inhale so much incense that it intoxicates them. Nowhere else, certainly not in New York, are they dined so often publicly and made so much of socially as in London, and so generously quoted in the newspapers. Mrs. Burnett herself, while writing about one "Lady of Quality," associated with many, and saw literary London at its best. She has been two years away, during which her domestic life has undergone many vicissitudes and her petted son grown to be a foot-ball player. By the way, the homely little portfolio on which Mrs. Burnett earned a small fortune by recounting the deeds of her spoiled darling, is a prized possession of a local hero worshiper.

=The first woman to attain senatorial dignity lives in Utah, and, singularly enough, belongs to that church which is generally supposed to be harder on women than any other. Mrs.



SENATOR MARTHA HUGHES CANNON, OF UTAH.

Martha Hughes Cannon, of Salt Lake, was not only elected to the State Senate, but she beat her husband, the Republican candidate, by four thousand votes. The husband, Angus M. Cannon, is an elder in the Mormon Church, and likely at the next vacancy to be made one of the saints, or twelve apostles. Mrs. Cannon is the fourth wife of the man she has just beaten, and she says she rather likes it, as she only needs to have him around one-quarter of the time. She practices medicine, and has a great number of patients, though only a comparatively young woman, not yet thirty-five. She has two children, and she is on friendly terms with the three other Cannon wives. In what we have heard of life in Salt Lake we do not understand exactly how these plural wives get along since the anti-polygamy law went into effect, but they are generally credited with not breaking the law. This is one of the new Senator's ideas as to the mission of women in politics: "Women are better than men," she says. "Slaves are always better than their masters. A slave learns obedience, self-control, and unselfishness. That's why women will do the world of politics good. They have been slaves so long. They will teach some of the slavish virtues."

=In addition to our numerous and faithful church-going congregations, there are doubtless not a few persons in New York who, like the art critic, Bernard Shaw, love churches for their own sake, but regard as a serious drawback to attendance there the religious services almost constantly going on! Such sensitive souls, particularly if they are fond of the rich symbolism of the Roman ritual, may find at least one sanctuary in the heart of this city that may be visited at any time and always without disappointment, in its sure and clear appeal through the outer senses to the poetic sentiment within. This place is the old French Catholic Church of St. Vincent de Paul. It is full of the dim picturesqueness of the Old-World Latin basilicas; and the red vespers-lamp, swinging by its golden chain, glows like a ruby against the background of holy images and pictured saints. At Christmas and Easter-tide, and all the church festivals, the chancel is filled with flowers, whose odors, mingled with incense of the altar, pervade the whole interior like "a breath of the warm South." There are always fresh, sweet voices in the choir, singing sometimes the primitive Gregorian chants, sometimes the naive strains of Glück and Palestrina, and often the modern music of Gounod or Goring-Thomas. Many a time during the past season worshippers at this church have listened spellbound to what seemed vaguely familiar voices in the choir, little dreaming that in very truth they were the voices of Calvé and Plançon. Such is the fact. These amiable artists are both French, and for old sake's sake come to sing at St. Vincent de Paul's whenever the opera is in town.

=General Fitzhugh Lee, consul-general to Cuba, visited New York last week, en route to his post at Havana. This time he is accompa-

nied by Mrs. Lee and by Miss Lee, his elder daughter—which would seem to indicate an expectation of tranquillity in the Cuban capital, at least. Before leaving New York the general and Mrs. Lee visited West Point, where their son is a cadet. General Robert E. Lee was graduated from the United States Military Academy in 1829,

and since that time the family has always been represented there by at least one member. Mrs. Fitzhugh Lee, born Bernard, is of the bluest blood of old Virginia. What is more to the purpose, she is a lady of marked personal distinction, charm, and sweetness of character. Her administration, during her husband's term of office as Governor of Virginia, made that period memorable in the social annals of Richmond. During the past two years their home has been established at Lynchburg, Virginia, where General Lee occupied a Federal position in the internal revenue office, previous to his appointment to Cuba by President Cleveland.



MRS. FITZHUGH LEE.



MRS. CHARLOTTE VAN CLEVE.





GRADY WHEN TWO YEARS OLD.



GRADY'S BABYHOOD—HENRY GRADY IS ON THE LEFT.



GRADY WHEN SIXTEEN YEARS OLD.



MRS. HENRY GRADY.



HENRY GRADY'S MOTHER.



HENRY W. GRADY, SON OF HENRY GRADY.



THE LATE HENRY GRADY.



MISS GUSSIE GRADY, HENRY GRADY'S DAUGHTER.



GRADY AT TWENTY-FOUR YEARS OLD.



GRADY AT FOURTEEN YEARS OF AGE IN HIS FIRST STORE CLOTHES AFTER THE WAR.

"Mr. Grady died on Christmas Day, 1889, but his influence in the New South survives in its original vigor."—[See article by Maude Andrews on page 447.]

### SOME PERSONAL MEMORIES OF HENRY GRADY.

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*"I often saw Lady Berringer, herself, always gracious and giving me her hand."*

## BOBBIE McDUFF.

By CLINTON ROSS

### IV.

#### A BREWER'S HEIR.

IN this wise we came to Paris, my patron saying not a word, nor giving me so much as a glance, even when the two scarlet-coated fellows went to the leaders' heads; I, a man in a dream, borne toward I knew not what—and yet feeling that my fortune could be no worse. And so we passed through the city, and came at last along the Avenue des Champs des Elysées and to the Avenue de l'Alma and the court of the hotel. I was to learn later that these were the streets.

My gentleman was drawing off his gloves, and I had descended.

"Peters!" he called, when a keen-eyed, broad-shouldered fellow, a head-groom, answered:

"Yes, sir."

"You are to give McDuff—"

"Smith, sir," I corrected, with a sudden rush of false pride.

"I thought you told me—" he said, turning curiously.

"Yes, I told you truth. It was my real name. The name, that is, by which I was formerly known."

"Oh, I understand," he said, watching me. "You prefer to bury your past. Come; I like your face even better. I'll see what you can do."

"I prefer the horses," I said.

"Well, Peters, you are to give this gentleman a view of the stable. Find out what he knows about horses."

Now Peters touched his hat to me.

"Ah, he sees the difference," said my patron. "No matter, Peters. Come with me, sir."

And I followed him into the hotel.

"I don't know how to thank you," I began.

"It's curious, isn't it?" said my young gentleman. "You are worth better things than a groom's place. Now let me make you a loan."

"You are very impulsive," I said, smiling; "and it's tremendously good of you. But I can't—"

"You can't, eh? Gad! I've made no mistake, after all."

"I can't repay you."

"I sha'n't mind if it be for some time," he added. "You're rather surprised. Wait. I haven't introduced myself. I'm John Dort."

Suddenly I remembered that financial name. All the stories I ever had heard of him—of his lavish expenditure, of his big stables, of how his father, the second of the line, had married a lady of the Daltons; of his sister, the young Countess of Berringer. Dort's beer you can buy the world over; and the Dort fortune is one of the great English possessions.

Why should I refuse that good offer? A man must have help, as I have said, at some time or other; and now I looked him in the face.

"You are offering a stranger a deal of kindness."

"I'll risk it. Let me lend you, say, twenty pounds?"

I wondered what I should do when the twenty pounds were gone.

"I will accept your offer—a sixty-days' loan," I said at last. At the moment there was a rustle in the hall, and a lady, young, tall, and fair, entered, swinging her hat. She looked at me with surprised blue eyes; and I looked at her for a brief moment.

"I beg your pardon," she said to my patron; "I thought—"

"Oh, come in, Mary. There's nobody here, only—"

He hesitated, looking me over again.

"My sister, Lady Berringer, Mr. McDuff."

I bowed my prettiest.

The young lady gave me her hand. It was long, slender, and I had an odd impulse of wanting to hold it.

"I am glad to know you," Lady Berringer said. I envied the earl, and then I remembered that Berringer had been killed on the hunting-field. She had brought to Berringer enough of the brewery money to restore his estate.

"Your brother is very good to me," I managed to say.

"Ah, he is good to everybody except himself," she said, smiling. "I am glad, Jack, that you're back. Prince Kracikof insists on my appearing at the Russian embassy to-night."

"Oh, confound him! How can you tolerate him, Mary?"

"He's very nice."

"Why can't women tell the difference?" John Dort retorted, rather impatiently.



"You dear Jack, don't you know that half the fun of life for women is in experiment?"

"Sometimes I think you can take care of yourself, Mary, and again I think you can't."

"Oh, you dear fellow!" she said, advancing and putting her hands on his shoulders. I envied him that moment. She seemed a sweet, charming woman. And I grew suddenly jealous of Prince Kracikof, whom I never had seen. And what right, indeed, had an adventurer such as I to be jealous of any one under heaven?

"Well, well, Mollie, I'll go. You always know how to gain me—"

She made a little bow, and smiled, too, on me.

"I hope we may meet again, Mr. McDuff," and she was gone. But I couldn't be rid of the impression she had left. I contrasted her for a moment with Marietta, the gypsy. Why should I think of Marietta?

"No," said I, returning to the subject. "I prefer a place in your stable to a loan. Grant me that, Mr. Dort; you have been already so kind."

"Then I'll hand you over to Peters, as I intended," he said, touching a bell.

"If you'll give me that chance," I replied, bowing. "And—sir—" I hesitated. "I wish you would explain to Lady Berringer that I am only a man in your stable."

"Why," he cried, "what a deal of pride the fellow has! She's my sister, man, and you're a gentleman. You do not take a servant's place in my household."

When I think of all I owe to John Dort, of his rare kindness in this extraordinary adventure, I feel that naught I ever may do can repay what I owe to him and his.

That day I began my career in the great brewer's grandson's Parisian stable. I know something of horses, I have said; and I soon found myself interested. At least, in however humble a capacity, I was now earning my livelihood. I wrote, the first day, to Jim Colchester, telling him I must have some time on my loan; and to Mrs. Carter, not letting that good woman know the condition to which I had been reduced. I wrote as if everything were well with me, as indeed it was. John Dort treated me always as an equal, and consulted me again and again on the subject of our common interest—horses. They were his, to be sure, but he made me feel they were mine as well. And I often saw Lady Berringer, herself, always gracious, and giving me her hand as if I were indeed her equal.

"My brother has told me, Mr. Mc—no, Mr. Smith—how he found you. There's a mystery about you, I believe. Well, it was risky of Jack to take you up—"

"Yes, it was," I acknowledged, while the groom brought out Lady Mary's wheel.

"Ah, it has proven all well, I think," she said. "Thank you ever so much."

There had entered a half-dozen others, a Count de Saint Dernier, Lord Duesdale, some young ladies, and behind the others, Dort, talking to a tall, handsome blonde man—a clever, charming, urbane face, holding a world of experience. With his single eye-glass he was scanning a horse a groom was showing.

Suddenly this tall, admirably-tailored person turned the glass on Lady Berringer and me. The glass fell, and he turned pale as if he had seen a ghost, while he seized Dort's shoulder, with a whispered explanation.

"Have you seen a ghost, Prince Kracikof?" Lady Mary asked.

He still was staring at me.

"I thought I had, Lady Berringer," he said. And then I shot at him a look of keen dislike. This was the Russian, then. How strong, how successful, he appeared!

"Smith," John Dort called to me, "Prince Kracikof."

"Ah, Mr. Smith," the Russian said. "Hem—glad to know you. Mr. Dort tells me you are the head of his stable."

"He has been kind enough to make me so," I said. His English was excellent. The Russians, speaking a tongue so extraordinary, in contrast with those of western Europe, mouth others with surprising facility.

But he drew me aside rather awkwardly for so clever a man.

"What is your real name?"

"I choose to be known as Smith," I said, looking him squarely in the face. Instinctively I knew that we were enemies, and should so continue; and he powerful, and I a nobody, subsisting then through an English gentleman's whim of charity. He turned brusquely.

"Oh, well," he said.

"Are you ready?" John Dort was asking.

And they were on their wheels for a spin in the Bois and through the court; and as I stood watching, I saw this Kracikof by Lady Berringer's side, and I was angry for some reason.

"Who is Prince Kracikof?" I asked of Peters, the head groom. The prince had asked who I was. I did not remember ever having seen him in New York.

"His Highness is a very great prince in Russia, sir—and in Italy, they say."

"How old do you fancy his Highness may be, Peters?" I asked. The prince was one of those men who are fair and unwrinkled at sixty.

"They say he is fifty, sir. But he doesn't look thirty-five."

"No," I said. "But Lady Berringer!"

"Ah, you've noticed that, sir."

And then I remembered what I was saying. So I went about my duties, still possessed by that unreasonable anger. Peters gave me deference enough; and indeed my place, as I have said, was pleasant by John Dort's good consideration.

You who may read this account of my adventures will know by this time that I am far from being a clever fellow. I made, when I tried in South Africa, a poor enough financial bungler, and you now know how the case was when I had money; how I trusted it to others, and how that trust was betrayed—I do not believe intentionally, I have stated; and you know how I could not turn my hand to anything more skillful than a sort of head groom's position. And now this matter of Prince Kracikof's—whom I never before had seen—recognition left me perplexed. A cleverer man might have answered the question, although I doubt it. I, at least, failed completely; but I was convinced—any stupid soul could have seen so much—that it had to do with my resemblance to my father. Carter, my guardian, often had remarked that. And who was this Russian who paled when he saw me? A man of fifty, he might have known my father. Had I not been foolish not to have asked whom he thought I resembled? But the man had excited my anger—my repugnance. If it were not too late to put the question, I knew well enough that I should not, at least to him. But that very afternoon came another surprising case of recognition from the same resemblance to my father. And why should all of these people notice the likeness? Why should they be startled by it?

I need not explain that already in the three weeks I had been in Paris I had run across several of my New York acquaintances, who recognized me and asked me how I was prospering. And, thanks to John Dort's advances, I appeared at least decently dressed. At that time I still felt the gambler, who enjoys his to-day, expecting fortune's favor to-morrow.

Some errand took me in the afternoon to the Rue de Rivoli, and I was opposite the garden of the Tuileries when a brougham, with two men in plain black livery, drew up to the curb. From the window projected the head of a man near seventy—a thin, ascetic face, diplomatic and worldly—with a certain expression inspiring confidence.

"Monsieur," he cried, plainly to me.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I saw you passing; you resemble so much—"

"Who, monsieur?" I asked, remembering Prince Kracikof.

Instead of replying, the other asked, eagerly: "What is your name—may I ask?"

"Robert McDuff."

"*Bon Dieu!* And you were forbidden to come to Europe?"

"I know it; and why?"

"I can't tell you," he said. "But—I am your friend—your father's friend, Mr. McDuff. And—" He paused. "No, not now. Here is a card."

And I read, on a mourning card, "M. Felix Miranda, 10 Avenue Carnot." "Mr. McDuff, will you call there to-night—say at eight? My time is now taken up; but I must see you."

"But the resemblance?" I cried. "Tell me, Monsieur Miranda."

"I will tell you all I can—all I may, in honor—to-night."

He called to the coachman, and, leaning forward, extended me a long, slim, black-gloved hand, pressing mine.

"Au revoir, and at eight—remember."

"Thank you; I will, monsieur," I said, in strange excitement, which I carried back to the hotel on the Avenue de l'Alma. My patron sent for me immediately.

"McDuff," said he, "who are you?" Here was the question again.

"I don't know, Mr. Dort." And I added: "Then Prince Kracikof has asked again?"

"He asked you?"

"Yes."

"But your name is not really McDuff."

"It's the name my father gave me—the name he bore in America."

"Kracikof seemed to recognize it."

"Ah!" said I; "then he knows?"

"And what does it mean?"

"I wish I knew," I said.

But his kindness, his interest, led me to explain. I told him absolutely all I knew of myself, from first to last.

"It's strange," he said. "But I'll help you if I can."

"And who may M. Felix Miranda be?" And I told him of that meeting.

"I don't know at all," he said. "But—yes, I would go."

I knew he could and would help me. But I began to feel inclined to help myself if I could get a clew to my mystery. I was not destined to find it that evening at No. 10 Rue Carnot. At the east of the Arc de Triomphe was a closed cab. As I passed, the door opened and Peters, John Dort's head groom, called:

"Mr. Dort wishes you, sir. Will you step in here with me, and I'll drive you back."

"I just left the Avenue de l'Alma," I said, in astonishment.

"I don't believe he knew that, sir. He told me to wait here for you."

I asked him the time, not having a watch myself.

"Ten minutes of eight."

It was then ten minutes to my appointment with M. Felix Miranda. Yet, possibly, John Dort had discovered something. I stepped into the cab by Peters's side, when there came a stunning blow, and I knew, in a dark interval, no more of my perplexing matter.

## V.

### ANOUSHKA AND MARIETTA.

I LAY on a rude cot in a dungeon-like room, I knew not where. I, indeed, was scarcely conscious; and then the reality of an aching head recalled me to myself. Had Dort connived at this? And why? I had told him my strange story. He had told me the questions Prince Kracikof had put about me, and now this seeming friend's servant had helped in my abduction. I remembered I had asked Peters about this Prince Kracikof; and now I thought the fellow's face knavish. I had told Dort of my appointment with M. Miranda, whoever he might be. I had been abducted to prevent my meeting this M. Miranda? If Dort were not in the affair himself he at least had told Kracikof of M. Miranda; while this Peters was his servant. And then I remembered the honest, boyish face. I could not believe it of him. At least I would not return his many kindnesses by so much as a distrustful thought. And then, he was Lady Berringer's brother. I could not believe that of her brother. The countess's charming face made that impossible. And yet, distrust—the whole color of the adventure again suggested; why had Dort taken me up so readily at Fontainebleau? Did he know? And if he knew, what did he know of that strange resemblance which pursued me like an evil fate? Yet again I refused this hypothesis. It was not M. Miranda, because they had wished to prevent my meeting him. And who was it save Kracikof, the Russian? I decided it was he—that he was pursuing me for some reason which had led my father to provide for a career in America—to forbid European visits.

I had followed this course of reasoning for some time before I finally was curious enough to examine my dungeon. For it certainly was like an old-time dungeon—a little vaulted chamber; a grayish light admitted through a small, oblong, and barred aperture near the ceiling. I judge that the room was about fifteen feet high, and this put it out of question for me to look out. At one side was a heavy iron door. The only furniture were the cot, a table, and a wooden stool. And all was strangely still until I heard the scamper of a rat. My head ached fearfully, and I saw that the blow had been given at the base of the brain, after the way of the sand-baggers. But where I was, I could not conjecture. I was like a prisoner thrown into the Bastille, and it did not seem possible that this was the last decade of the nineteenth century. And then I thought of robbery. But my purse was there, and—I clapped my hand to the chain that I had worn about my neck. The jewel-studded miniature was gone. I no longer could look on that dear face. They had taken it from me, my most valued—actually and sentimentally—possession. I think I began to curse; to cry out on my fate. That miniature of the charming dark-faced lady was the single link leading to my past. Every other bit of evidence had been swept away. Stay, there was the other, of my face and figure. Would they kill me? And then anger began to get the better. They had my body, but not my soul. And then "they" became resolved into Kracikof; my instinct led me to believe he was behind all this.

How long I remained with these reflections—going them over again and again—I cannot guess. The vaulted room was darker at least; and I had been layid at eight the previous evening. I must have been there twenty hours, or more. And then came steps, far away, nearer—the clump of nailed boots. There were several—no, two. Bolts clanged, and the door was thrown open. A huge man stood there, with a mass of shock red hair; and behind him another, shorter, dark, pistol in hand. They evidently feared me. What had they to fear?

"Well?"

The answer came from the shaggy man with the eyes of a mastiff's ferocity and devotion to a master. I did not understand him.

"Slav," I muttered to myself, placing this as another link in the chain of evidence against Kracikof.

The fellow showed grinning teeth, calling, "Anouchka! Anouchka!"

Down the dark passage came a lighter foot-fall, and there appeared a red-faced, buxom, and rather pretty bare armed girl, bearing a tray, which she set down, looking at me and then dropping her eyes before the tall fellow's fierce attention. She said something in the tongue I did not know.

"You know French," I said to them. "Why am I here?"

The girl addressed the man as "Iakof"; I made out that much. But Iakof shrugged his shoulders and closed the door. I jumped up from my position on the cot. The bolts were being drawn. The steps retreated and all was still, and I was alone with my dinner, for which I found some appetite. And then the place grew dim, and a great blackness settled over me and my spirit. But the morning came, and twice a day the same routine: the shaggy Iakof at the door with the dark man behind; Anouchka's appearance with the tray and the pint of red wine; my appeals, now despairful, and again authoritative. But they seemed to understand no French.

In repeating this story I feel that few will believe it possible that such an experience as this of mine could be in Paris, or near it. I could not be sure that my prison was in the city; for I might have been carried a considerable distance. Yet I now know it possible enough for a powerful man to hire others to do him such a service; and these people, Anouchka, Iakof, and the dark fellow, were as devoted as in the old servile days. For I was more and more convinced that these were Russians, and that Prince Kracikof's hand was indeed in it.

And so days passed—I forgot how many—and my spirit wore itself out; and I longed for the open with the fierce desire of one who feels that without it he may lose both mind and body.

Yet there was some change in that uneventful round. If I had no event save that visit twice a day, there soon came a difference in Anouchka's expression. One afternoon caught her eyes on me with a great pity; as I looked up she dropped her gaze and appeared to Iakof inattentive enough. What was she to Iakof? And I saw suddenly that she feared him. Could I not induce her in some way to carry a note for me? I might invoke the American consul, or simply address the police; or, possibly, M. Miranda. But was not M. Miranda in the plot? Well, I could write to Dort. And then distrust of him returned. But it was all absurd. I had no pen, no pencil; and Anouchka would not dare, under Iakof's eye. And, after all, did I not fancy the pity?

And despair held me, and dreary days passed.

But one night I awoke to hear a rustle in the passage. A pencil of moonshine reached through the little grated aperture. Had I really heard aright? And then the rusty bolts grated. I was up, my heart beating. Hope returned, and I slipped on my clothes, while a head was projected and a voice said:

"Hist, m'sieur!"

"Anouchka?"

"Yes, m'sieur."

"And you understand French?"

"I pity you, m'sieur. But hurry."

I was in the dark passage.

"And Iakof?"

I felt her shudder, for I had caught her hand.

"He may kill me."

"And you do this for me, Anouchka?"

"I could not see you die in there."

"Yet Iakof is your husband?"

"Yes, m'sieur."

"And your master? Iakof's master?"

"Our father, the prince."

"Ah, I know that. But why did he bring me here? Where are we?"

"In the country—far from Paris."

We were standing there in the passage, and I was holding the girl's hands, and then I leaned forward and kissed her. You might have done the same, when a woman had braved for you all she did for me that night.

"They will wake. We must not wait," she said in a smothered voice.

The passage led to some steps, which we climbed slowly. At the top was another door opening into a large room, which we crossed to an outer hall. And we were by a great door, which swung open creakingly, admitting a flood of moonlight. Before me lay a broad stretch of country-side. How sweet the air; and how strength came back into my heart!

"Down that path," said Anouchka. "Directly you will reach the park gate."

"And Anouchka?"

"I remain—"

"But they?"

"I cannot leave Iakof, even should I fear him."

Something sounded in the hall like a stealthy step.

"Run, m'sieur!" Anouchka cried.



And I turned and ran, stopping to look back at the old chateau, which the moonshine had restored; and two men were outlined in the doorway, and I heard loud, excited voices and imprecations in Cossack. And then came a shrill cry—yes, Anouchka's. I stopped. Again the girl's cry rang out with shrill entreaty, which I could not endure, and I turned back. I felt equal that moment to Iakof and all the others. But it was Iakof I met squarely in the path. He paused, the moonlight on his face, declaring his surprise. And then he sprang on me. But rage gave me strength.

"This for the blow you gave Anouchka—and this."

He was strong, and I weakened by that long confinement; and yet I had the better of him, when two others joined him. I had him on his back by this time, holding him and choking him, and turning an eye to the two, and feeling that I was fighting not alone for myself, but for Anouchka. But, with the two others, it had gone ill with me had there not come unexpected aid. Out of the bushes sprang a man and tripped one of those approaching and caught the other. The man who had been tripped, instead of attending to his comrade, picked himself up and came toward Iakof and me. I looked up at him and was aware of the cruel eyes of the fellow who had been Iakof's assistant in the round of visits to my dungeon. I did not dare to lessen my grasp of Iakof, and as it was, the new-comer brought me a blow on the temple.

Again I came to consciousness, in a jolting wagon, with a voice I seemed to remember.

"A little patch of land, love,  
I'll plow for you,  
And red flowers with lavish hand  
Here sow for you."\*

The clear, exquisite soprano rang on my ears, and my eyes opened on Marietta, the gypsy of Fontainebleau.

"You're in the stroller's wagon, m'sieur," she said, looking down at me out of those black eyes so like those of the lost miniature.

"You're like her, Marietta."

"Yes; like her," said the girl.

"My mother."

"Yes, I know; I'm like your mother."

"And how did I come here?"

"Petruchio brought you."

"And Petruchio, then, was my champion?"

"Yes; Petruchio. He managed all three and brought you here to us. But you must not talk, m'sieur."

"But Anouchka?"

"What do I know of your Anouchkas?"

Petruchio himself looked through the corner of the curtain.

"Eh, m'sieur, are you well?"

"That's you, Petruchio; I'm obliged."

"Humph! I know how to wrestle."

"So I perceive, since you have left three on the field. And why did you do this for me?"

"The red scar makes you one of us, m'sieur."

"My mother had it."

"And those before your mother, m'sieur."

"And who was my mother, Petruchio?"

"Your mother, m'sieur."

And he would say no more; but Marietta kept on with her song, looking down on me with the enigmatical black eyes. Suddenly the wagon stopped and a wrinkled woman's face projected at the back. Marietta lifted my head very gently on to a pile of rugs when I tried to raise myself.

"M'sieur, you are badly hurt. You must let me care for you."

Suddenly she leaned over, and I felt her hand cool on my forehead.

(To be continued.)

## Spanish Guerrillas in Cuba.

DURING the Peninsular war the Spaniards, unable to cope with the large bodies of disciplined troops brought against them, adopted a peculiar mode of warfare by organizing independent bands to sweep down upon the enemy at the least-expected moment, and so annoy and harass him that his conquest became more costly to maintain than its acquirement. It is this kind of warfare which is being carried on in the island of Cuba, principally by the Cubans.

The American reader generally supposes that the Spanish word *guerrilla* necessarily signifies a kind of bandit, whereas it is simply the diminutive of the word *guerra* (war), and in its original meaning denoted that kind of war carried on independently by these organized bands. In Cuba the Spaniards never speak of the insurgents as guerrillas, although their methods are practically the same as those employed by the Spaniards when the French attempted to hold their own country.

There is about the same difference between a Spanish guerrilla force and the regular forces that there is between the crew of a privateer and the crew of a man-of-war. Some enterprising fellow who thinks he has some military

knowledge or ability applies for his commission to organize a guerrilla force, and having obtained the same, he seeks recruits. Considering that he is in all probability some Spaniard of low repute, and that his only material is the riff-raff of the locality where he is to operate, and then with his independent, roving license, it is not hard to understand the result.

The rank and file of the guerrilla force is generally composed of Spanish colonists who have lived for a long time in Cuba, but in some localities it is composed of Cuban negroes, which fact may be cited in evidence that the insurrection is not a negro uprising, as has been reported by the Spaniards.

While I was in Santa Clara I received ample evidence of the shocking deeds of cruelty committed by the Spanish troops, and the most brutal of them all were evidently committed by the local guerrillas of Los Cruces, a photograph of which I obtained just as they were leaving that place, ostensibly to fight rebels. The captain of this force was a renegade from Spain, exiled for crimes committed there; and having figured in various scrapes in Cuba, upon the breaking out of the insurrection, he was just the kind of individual to apply for a commission and get it. He gathered about himself a company of men of the very worst stamp, and after obtaining uniforms and arms they were ready to commence their depredations. It was a golden opportunity for the individuals of this gang to settle some old score or long-pending grudge, either imaginary or real, against the poor country folk who were at their mercy.

To get at the truth I probed every story that I heard, and put in execution many schemes, playing upon the simplicity of the Spaniards, as well as gaining the confidence of the Cubans.

The morning after taking the photograph (snap-shot) which is reproduced in this issue of the WEEKLY, I won the confidence of a mulatto by some simple ruse, and taking him down by the railroad track, where we could converse without being heard, he related to me some of the deeds done by this particular band. Pointing to a house but a short distance beyond, he said:

"You see that house? Well, it is only a stone's throw from here, but the owner was not safe. They had it in for him, and they rode up in broad daylight and cut him to pieces with their machetes. And then the body was left there, for no one dared go there and bury the poor fellow."

An honorable Spaniard fairly shuddered as he related to me some of their deeds, as told to him by the captain of the band himself. These stories, which seemed incredible, were afterward repeated to me by an Austrian who had charge of a sugar plantation in the vicinity. Once the band went to an estate owned by the English consul at Cienfuegos and demanded the delivery of a Cuban youth against whom they had some cause of complaint. The consul, hearing of their coming, put the young man in a room, nailed the English flag across the door, and defied the Spaniards to pull it down. The captain of the force did not dare allow his men to pull down the English flag, but determined to bide his time. A few days later the boy was caught on the road by the gang and taken to a near-by tree, where the end of a rope was tied to his feet and the other end passed over a limb. Then he was drawn up till his head was just above the ground, and while some of the band stood about taunting him, others held lighted matches to his nostrils or thrust them in his mouth. Tired of this performance, several of them got hold of the rope and jerked it up and down, thus bumping the poor fellow's head against the ground, and finally, with other nameless tortures, put him to death.

It was this same band which tortured an inoffensive black man in a village store simply to satisfy their own fiendish desire for some sort of brutal amusement. They made the man sit on a barrel and shout "Viva España!" and after subjecting him to various processes of degradation, they declared him to be a traitor and cut off his ears, and when the poor man howled with pain they took him outside and put an end to his misery by killing him.

There was another story of this same crowd, in which it was stated that the captain entered an inn with several of his companions and ordered breakfast. Upon being asked what he would have, the captain replied, "An omelet."

"But," said he, "for my part I want a fancy omelet." And taking a parcel from his pocket, he told the waiter to take it to the cook and have him make an omelet out of its contents. As the waiter saw the men laugh, and suspecting a joke of some kind, he unwrapped the package and several human ears fell upon the floor.

Such stories seem incredible, but during my five months' stay in the island I became convinced of the truth of them, and on two occasions I embraced the opportunity of going out with the Spanish guerrillas, after which I had no further need of doubting anything.

THOMAS R. DAWLEY, JR.

## Some Personal Memories of Henry Grady.

"No man or woman now living will see again such a Christmas Day as the one which closed yesterday, when the dying sun piled the western skies with gold and purple. A winter day it was, shot to the core with sunshine. It was enchanting to walk around in its prodigal beauty, to breathe its elixir, to reach out the hands and plunge them open-fingered through its pulsing waves of warmth and freshness. It was June and November welded and fused into a perfect glory that held the sunshine and snow beneath tender and splendid skies. To have winnowed such a day from the teeming winter was to have found an odorous peach on a bough whipped in the storms of winter. One caught the musk of yellow grain, the flavor of ripening nuts, the fragrance of strawberries, the exquisite odor of violets, the aroma of all seasons in the wonderful day; the hum of bees underode the whistling wings of wild geese flying southward; the fires slept in drowsing grates while the people, marveling outdoors, watched the soft winds woo the roses and the lilies. Truly, it was a day of days. Amid its riotous luxury surely life was worth living, to hold up the head and breathe it in as thirsting men drink water; to put every sense in its gracious excellence; to throw the hands wide apart and hug whole armfuls of the day close to the heart till the heart itself is enraptured and illumined. God's benediction came down with the day, slow dropping from the skies. God's smile was its light, and all through and through its supernal beauty and stillness, unspoken but appealing to every heart and sanctifying every soul, was His invocation and promise, 'Peace on earth, good will to men.'"

Thus wrote Henry Grady on the Christmas before he died, eight years ago. The next Christmas Day a train of mourners followed his body to the tomb. Could he, on that exalted Christmas Day, with hopes strung high, with bounding heart and an exultant, daring



GRADY'S BIRTHPLACE AT ATHENS, GEORGIA.

joy of living, have presaged that it was to be his last Christmas upon earth? His Creator knew it and was good to him, for He gave him, in that exalted moment when his soul flowed through his pen, the Christmas joys of a thousand men in one, the composite, concrete feeling of every Christmas known to earth since the angels sang over a manger in Nazareth.

The next Christmas Day, when his heart and his lips were still, was as fair as the other he has immortalized, and those whose tear-dimmed eyes looked upon its loveliness believed that his spirit was among them still, an actual, radiant, loving warmth. To put his body away on a day consecrated to universal happiness seemed then, as it does now, a sad and cruel thing, and yet the day was, after all, one that by royal right belonged to his memory. His was a Christly Christmas spirit in things great and small. He carried the first message of peace and good will to a divided nation. And then his little and great deeds of kindness on Christmas Day—who that knew him in his home can ever forget them? Who has not remembered them with misty eyes ever since the Christmas that he died?

One Christmas he was seen on top of a four-horse wagon filled with provisions for the poor that he had gathered together by personal appeals made by him through his newspaper. His fellow-workers watched him start from the *Constitution* office with his load. He waved his hand and called back behind him as he drove off, "I say, boys, I had rather be here than in the White House," and the wagon rolled off with its load and with its dark, twinkling-eyed occupant, who looked like Santa Claus gone back to his college-boy days. Then there was a newsboys' dinner which happened every year some day during the holidays. Henry Grady was its ruling spirit. I can hear that boyish yell of his as the door was opened to the hungry throng; can see him serving them, watching

them with amused eyes almost ready to give way with tenderness. How he enjoyed it all! How delighted he was with the boys who ate the pie and cake first before tackling the turkey! How he piled their plates with the things that dreams are made of, and, when all were served, how he stood on a stool in the corner overlooking the feast, that no happy face might escape him!

Then, as for the little untold personal deeds at Christmas, they broider the rich garment of his life like precious jewels on cloth of gold; and these little deeds were great ones, too—even greater than the big, generous things that he did for the world in his prosperous time. There never was a time, mind you, when he was not willing to give, for he learned the grace of generosity when it meant much self-sacrifice—which is truly the only way one ever does learn it; and that has not to be learned, after all, but is bone of bone and flesh of flesh of the man born to greatness.

Many Christmases ago, after the *Atlanta Herald* had failed, and when Grady had little fortune save his gold heart and silver tongue, he stood in front of a market shop selecting his Christmas turkey. An old man, a hungry, tired old man, came up and priced the turkeys and turned away with a sigh, saying he would take a small bit of beef for his Christmas dinner. The journalist pulled all the money out of his pocket, bought the biggest turkey in the lot, thrust it in the old man's hands, stuffed his own hands in his pockets, and walked off, whistling. His family wanted to know where that Christmas turkey was, when he got home.

"The turkey?" he asked, vaguely. "Oh, I gave it away to that old gentleman shoemaker. He looked so hungry I couldn't help it."

Some months after that he came in smiling, with a new pair of shoes in his hand.

"Where did you get them?"

"The turkey man," he answered. "He noticed that I needed shoes as much as he needed turkey." Before another Christmas the old man had died, and Grady said to his mother: "Suppose I hadn't given him the last Christmas turkey he ate on earth; I never would have

forgiven myself if I hadn't given it to him that day." And the dear mother, in telling me of it, said: "My boy was the best Christian I have ever known. He was a Christian by impulse, and his impulses never misled him."

She spoke the truth. He was a man who never sifted out kindness through the sieve of reasoning. His heart told him the answers to make to the many appeals coming to him, and that his heart was nearly always right was proven by the almost universal gratitude he received from those whom he helped.

One of the things which impress every visitor to Atlanta is the universal devotion to the memory of Grady and the great pride which everyone seems to take in his work and achievement. Everything connected with his life is pointed out with pride—the monument erected in his memory by the young men of Atlanta, the modest little home which he first occupied when he came to the city, and the handsome house on Peachtree Street which was his when success and distinction crowned his talents.

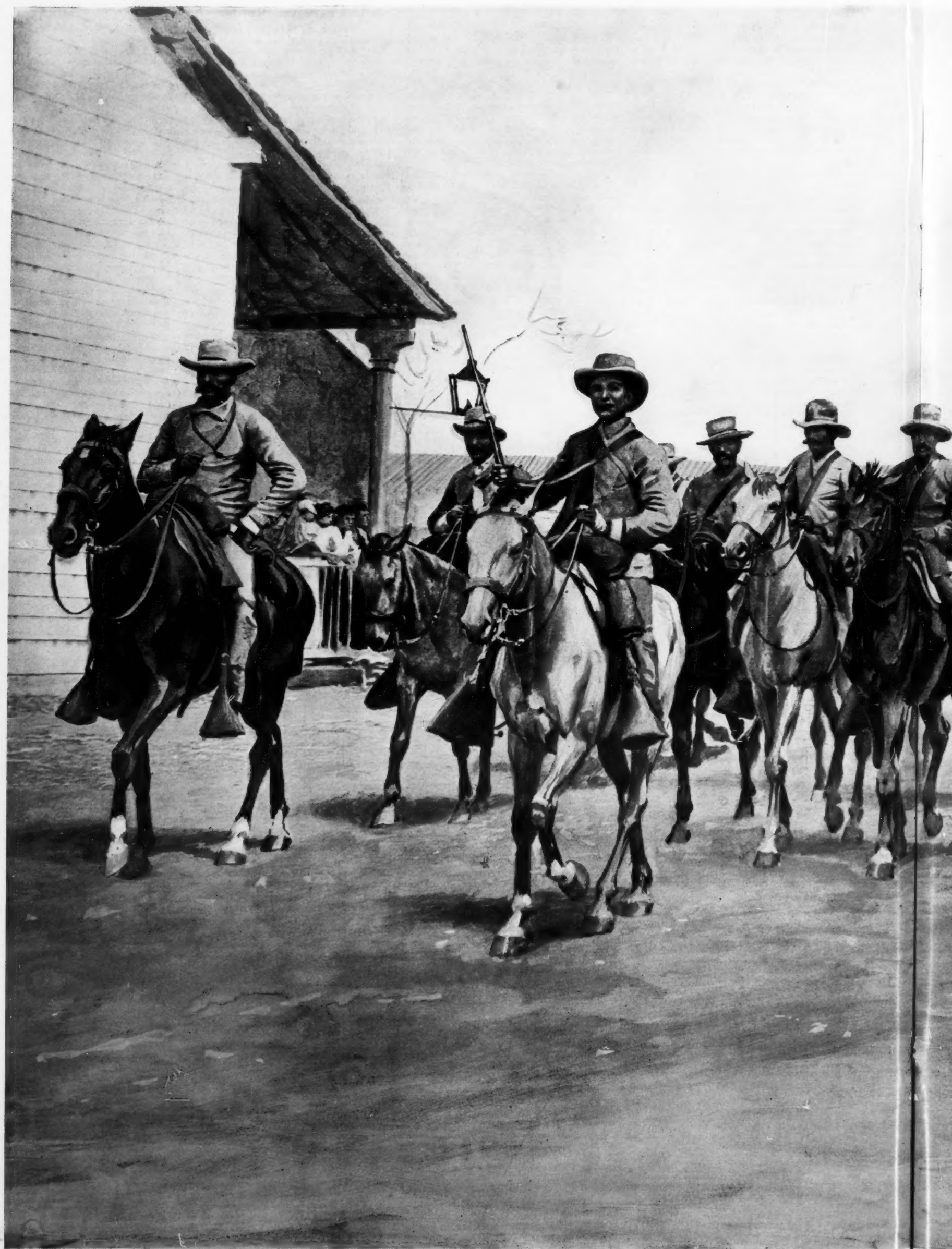
It is in this house that the personal history of the man—and it is this personal history that is always most interesting—centres. For it is here that his great speeches and newspaper articles were written, here that his friends gathered to enjoy the flashes of his wit, given forth between the sentences of a story he was writing, or of a frolic on the floor with his children, himself the greatest child of the trio.

A lover of home and all things that pertained to its adornment, it is no wonder that beneath his roof was to be found every evidence of his personal taste in art and literature. The decorations, the furnishings of the house were all selected by himself, and in his library and the cozy study adjoining it were to be found the most distinct evidences of his tastes and temperament. A passionate lover of books, he had accumulated a splendid library.

MAUDE ANDREWS.

\* Abbott's translation of Turgeneff's "Recits d'un Chasseur."





THIS DRAWING IS FROM A SNAP-SHOT PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY MR. DAWLEY IN LOS CRUCES, CUBA. THE BAND OF PLUNDERERS AND M

SPANISH GUERRILLAS STARTIN





RAIDERS AND MURDERERS WAS JUST STARTING ON A RAID WHEN CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA.—[SEE ARTICLE BY THOMAS R. DAWLEY, JR., ON PAGE 447.]

STARTING ON A FORAY IN CUBA.



## The Cuban League of the United States.



OFFICER OF THE CUBAN ARMY IN FULL UNIFORM.

ETHAN ALLEN is a grand old Revolutionary name. It is worthily borne to-day by Colonel Ethan Allen, a well-known and esteemed citizen of New York, who, in accepting the presidency of the reorganized Cuban League of the United States, demonstrates that the spirit of '76, as well as the glorious names of that epoch, survives to-day undimmed.

The original Cuban League of the United States of America

was organized in the early 'seventies, during the ten years' war in Cuba, and at that time did effective work in arousing sympathy with the cause of the patriots there. This feeling is in spontaneous accord with the disposition of the American people generally. It has steadily increased; so that now, in the enthusiasm inspired by the achievements of the Cubans themselves, against fearful odds, the revival of the league that fostered it in the beginning is a natural and auspicious consummation.

At the reorganization meeting held in New York on the 14th instant, with Colonel Ethan Allen as president, the following vice-presidents were chosen: Charles A. Dana, Roswell P. Flower, Thomas L. James, Chauncey M. Depew, John R. Dos Passos, Theodore Roosevelt, Thomas F. Gilroy, George Hoadly, J. Edward Simmons, and C. H. Dennison. Francis Wayland Glen was elected secretary; Darwin R. James, treasurer; and the executive com-

principles, which is officially formulated as follows:

"We, the undersigned citizens of this republic, anxious for the success of all people for the civil and political liberty which this nation secured more than a century ago, and still enjoys, unite in organizing the Cuban League of the United States of America.

"The object of this league is to secure for Cuba, by all lawful, peaceful, and honorable means, the political independence which her patriots are now endeavoring by tremendous sacrifice of treasure and life to gain, to encourage them with our sympathy and moral support, and to arouse the whole nation to demand an end of the campaign of murder and destruction in that island.

"Mindful of the help which our fathers received in a similar struggle, we are constrained by a sense of gratitude to return to Cuba the kindness which was so effectively given to us.

"It is apparent to all thoughtful observers that Spain has not the power to crush the Cuban patriots, and, therefore, the continuance of the cruel struggle in Cuba can only serve to prolong a sense of abasement and humiliation in the minds of all men who are confident that this republic has the power to end it, and is in honor called upon to do so for the highest good of all the parties directly concerned."

The inaugural work of the new league was the organization of the grand mass-meeting held in Cooper Union last Monday evening, when speakers of national influence voiced in no uncertain tones the prevailing sentiment of the American people on the burning subjects of Spanish oppression and Cuban liberty.

The official "declaration of principles" quoted above is properly vague and non-committal, as befits the standing of the influential gentlemen who have signed it. How different are the individual, untrammelled utterances of these same personages! It is in the latter that the true American metal rings out, as irresistibly as in the tune of "Yankee Doodle."

Take Colonel Ethan Allen, for example. A representative of LESLIE'S WEEKLY took him, quite unawares, the other day, and this is the substance of the interview to which he readily, even enthusiastically, submitted:

"We are embarking upon a movement," said Colonel Allen, "which is destined to become historic in the annals of the world's progress toward universal freedom. When these Colonies fought out their glorious liberty in the dawn of this republic, who first put the torch in our hands, and then upheld our hands until its light illumined the length and breadth of the continent? France did that for us. But for her timely aid our Continental patriots might have been crushed out as the Cuban patriots

means. But that is not all. The Spaniard has no more right in Europe than the 'unspeakable' Turk. He is a black Moorish pirate from Africa, and only the thinnest veneer of civilization masks his barbarism to-day.

"Yes, we propose to help Cuba by 'lawful, peaceful, and honorable' means. That is not saying, however, that we shall offer mere sympathy unaccompanied by material aid. On the contrary, a great part of the efforts of the league will be devoted to raising money. This money will be put into supplies—food and medical supplies, mainly—for the Cubans. How will we get these to the Cubans? Why, we shall simply ship them to some Cuban port controlled by the patriots. Mind, we are not going into the filibustering business. But if the Spaniards attempt to interfere with an American ship, bound on a charitable mission to a Cuban port—why, it will be their fault if our methods, under such circumstances, are not as 'peaceful' as they certainly will be lawful and honorable."

## Amélie Rives's Princely Spouse.

BRAWNY, handsome, and over six feet two inches in his stockings—such, as regards the outer man, is Prince Troubetzkoy, the young Russian painter, who married Amélie Rives a few months ago, and who, fresh from the lionizing of London and Paris, has returned to this country to exhibit his pictures at Knoedler's and spend the winter in New York. It is about five years since I first met Troubetzkoy in London. He was then on the threshold of a career that was to be unusually brilliant and swift. Unlike most artists and princes, his tastes and knowledge ranged over a wide field, and his skill with the brush was paralleled by a fine taste in letters and a clear vision in everything human, remarkable in a young man of twenty-seven, as he was then. With so much in his favor, it is not surprising that London took him up and that he was soon the fashion. The ladies who lead society in the English capital were among his most devoted admirers and clients. The Countess of Grosvenor, Lady Eden, and Mrs. Menzies, whom many declare to be the three most beautiful women in England, gave him sittings at Bolton Gardens, and he was summoned over to Ireland to paint Lady Rossmore. He also painted Lady Huntington for the "Book of Beauty." More imposing, if not such delightful, subjects followed in their train. Mr. Gladstone in Downing Street and Lord Dufferin at the British Embassy in Paris, both had their portraits painted by the prince. Lord Battersea was another of his sitters. George Meredith, most fastidious of novelists and most charming of talkers and companions, who is now partially paralyzed, but whose intelligence and wit are happily still unimpaired, was transferred to Troubetzkoy's canvas with startling fidelity. As for the smaller fry of judges, politicians, physicians, and peers of the normal and undistinguished variety, they became the prince's patrons in shoals.

While a mere child of nine, in his father's magnificent villa on Lake Maggiore, he planted himself before a mirror and painted his own portrait in oil with such precocious skill that the picture was accepted by the judges of the Esposizione Permanente of Milan, who hung it without for one moment suspecting the youthfulness of the artist. Ever since that boyish triumph, Troubetzkoy has cultivated his art with increasing devotion, and now, at thirty-two, he has already reaped a rich harvest of success.

The method this herculean young painter adopts of resting from the strain on nerves, eyes, and hands in any difficult piece of work is unique. No easy-chair or lounge does he seek with closed eyes and relaxed muscles, but a pair of huge dumb-bells are brought into play, and he exercises with them for about an hour at a time. This prodigious working off of his superfluous strength is an absolute necessity to him. If a day passes without his using his dumb-bells he has the uncomfortable sensation that another man would have if he had not been able to wash his face. This continual practice enables him to accomplish feats of strength in the most off-hand way. I remember a droll instance of this kind in the New Gallery in London. Three burly men were staggering under the weight of a ponderous marble bust of Cardinal Manning, endeavoring to lift it on to its pedestal. Prince Troubetzkoy, who was

superintending the hanging of his own pictures for the approaching exhibition, watched them for a while with a compassionate eye. Then he went up to the three purple-faced workmen who were stumbling under the burden of the gentle cardinal's effigy, and, much to their astonishment, lifted it in place without apparent effort.

Prince Troubetzkoy has a keen perception of all that is best in American life, nor is this appreciation surprising, seeing that, in addition to having married an American wife, he is himself half an American, his mother having been Miss Winans, of New York.

JOHN CHARTRES.

## For the Awakened Woman.

ATTENDANCE on the sacred and important rites of shopping has created two new enterprises. Generations of women have exhausted their nerves and worn their backs as a burden in supplying the family needs, and in wandering up and down the alluring aisles of the shops. But it is only latter-day courage that women have gained through clubs and things that has produced such alleviations as the Town and Country Club and the Afternoon Tea Room now offer.

London has a dozen proprietary clubs. We



PRINCE TROUBETZKOY.

have but one. The Town and Country Club is the personal enterprise of Mrs. Florence Ives. She has taken a half-century-old house in the heart of the shopping district, dragged out its cumbrous belongings, and fitted up its spacious rooms according to modern ideas—that is to say, with rugs and all sorts of devices in the way of chairs and lounges to catch tired women and still leave them upright creatures.

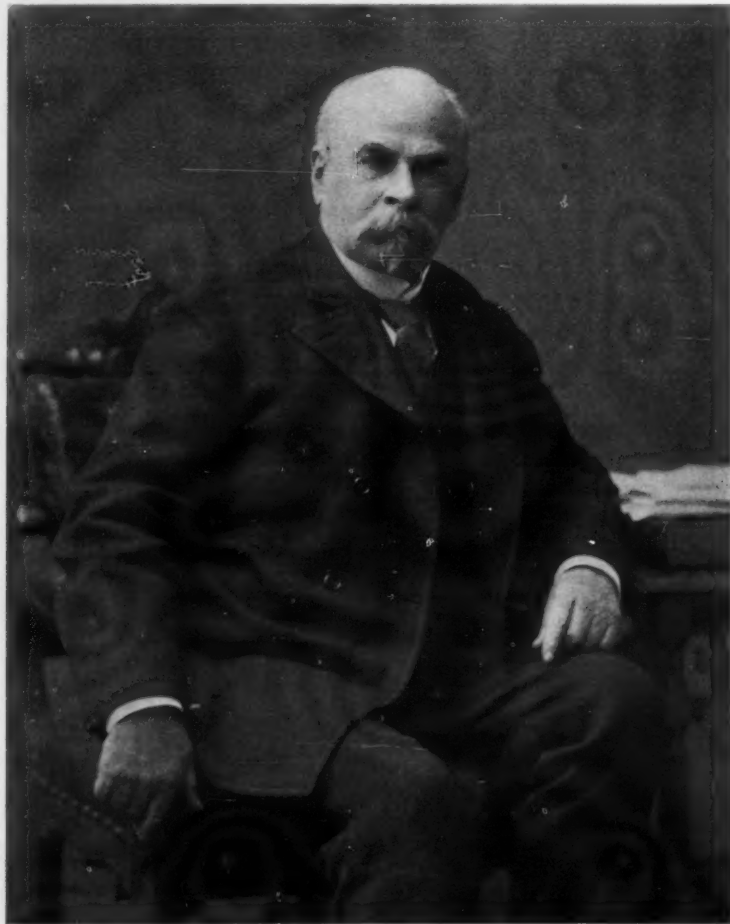
All the financial responsibility the *propriétaire* assumes. The members pay their annual dues and walk in and out among the privileges of the place. These include a tea-room, restaurant, and, above all, a dressing-room, where one may take a nap, and afterward refurbish the person at a dressing-table equipped with all the implements of the toilet, even to the final hasty dash of a perfume-spray.

It may be somewhat soon to speak of the annual dues, since the first year of the Town and Country Club has just closed, but during this brief time it has gained four hundred members, and has the courage in consequence for the second year to double its dues. The utmost limit the club has yet penetrated is Ohio.

When the Ohio woman wants to come to town shopping she writes on and engages one of the half-dozen or more of the club's bed-rooms, which will be at her disposal for two weeks. If her visit is to be hurried everything will be ready for her, even her seats at the opera or theatre engaged. If one of the children falls ill, in the engaging manner of childhood, just when the elders have planned another course of events, a purchasing-agent attached to the house will attend to her commissions.

This same lady will "match" things for the out-of-town members. This is that part of shopping we are all ready to delegate, for in matching things there is none of the delight of spending money outright, as we are all aware. These odds and ends the club is willing to undertake. It will look after packages, telegrams, messages, and keeps on hand a thoughtful supply of umbrellas to loan to the improvident in return for subsidiary silver.

One statement Mrs. Ives is careful to make carries conviction to busy, practical women. The Town and Country Club is neither social nor literary. It undertakes to supply a need, and as other necessities develop, will arrange



COLONEL ETHAN ALLEN.—Photograph by Fredricks.

mittee is composed of General Daniel Butterfield, Frederick D. Grant, John Jacob Astor, Paul Dana, Edwin Wardman, Frank B. Carpenter, John D. Kelley, John C. McGuire, R. C. Alexander, Constant A. Andrews, Walter S. Logan, and Thomas E. Stewart. These eminent names in themselves abundantly guarantee the earnestness and effectiveness of the league. In addition, more than fifty other citizens of professional and political prominence in various parts of New York State and the country at large have signed the league's declaration of

are being crushed now under the heel of Weyler—for we had a Benedict Arnold, even as Maceo had a Zertucha. From whose hands, if not from ours, is the torch of liberty to be passed over to bleeding, starving Cuba?

"I say, sir, now is the moment. We see in Weyler the apotheosis of butchery. Weyler is a second Alva—a degenerate, weak, and cowardly Alva, it is true; yet a reincarnation of all the sanguinary cruelty of that monster of history, and a true type of his race. Wipe the Spaniard off the Western Hemisphere, by all



for those. The sole object of the club is the comfort of its members, and its appointments are such that a woman may feel as much at home there as in her own house. In other words she is as free from an impending paper or an introduction, while she sips her tea and rests her tired brain and feet, as if she were in the slippers of her own room.

It is this same comfortable privacy that is offered by Mrs. Celia M. Arthur, a lady of taste and experience, who has opened a commission agency on Fifth Avenue. She has taken a second floor and given it the air of a private house for the convenience of shoppers. Women are tremendously sensitive to their surroundings. Easy-chairs, a piano, tables strewn with books and papers, and the furniture at angles make them at once at home. To all these is added a telephone, with competent service. For the out-of-town subscriber servants will be engaged, invalids and young people met at the trains and transferred to their destinations. Such welcome services supplement the purchasing of goods, general shopping, securing mourning on short notice, the shipping of flowers, and those unconsidered details that make up so much of life. Mrs. Arthur offers to her subscribers a convenience which cannot fail to be appreciated—they can have their boots polished while sitting on a throne in decent privacy in the same comfort that many men enjoy unblushingly and publicly on the street corners.

In the afternoon tea-room one is in public. This is as it was meant to be, for there is a time to be seen as well as to be unseen. All morning the tea-room is discreetly veiled from the street by its pink-silk curtains. But when the fashionable world begins to be astir the tea-room puts forth signs of life. By four o'clock its doors are swinging to and fro and its tables thronged.

Mrs. John Lowery and Miss Wilmerding have successfully launched an English importation, for the tea-room in London is now an affair of shareholders and dividends. Women touch nothing they do not adorn, and the afternoon tea-room now furnishes one of the prettiest sights of the town. It is aglow with color. The walls are covered with pink—pink only, in fine vertical stripes. The border is a festoon of smilax; the ornaments are water-colors discreetly disposed. The small tables are cross-legged and of white enamel, and are covered with drawn-worked linen edged with lace. The appointments are all simple but dainty.

These include the maids, with fine white aprons, and white caps set off with pink satin bows, and wielding white enameled trays. The menu is kept appropriately English, but with some recognition of native tastes in cakes and ices. But it is a person without a fine sense of the harmony of things who prefers these to the buttered buns and toasted crumpets which may accompany the pot of tea.

The human element is no less interesting. Perfection are the tailor-made, picturesque hats, continuous the "lovely silken murmur" of the new full skirts. There is no barrier at the doors. Anonyma if she chose might enter. But she would not. Mulberry Street has never consulted with Murray Hill over the police regulations. But the force has never equaled polite female society as policemen.

The prices are to a certain extent prohibitory. It is not possible to get less than a pot of tea, for which twenty-five cents is asked. A buttered crumpet or its equivalent in bread-stuff is ten cents. The *bourgeoisie*, after one visit to satisfy curiosity, is apt to reflect that thirty-five cents will buy a luncheon, *vin compris*, at a table d'hôte kept by some amiable and thrifty foreigner, where the company is also of interest.

The afternoon tea-room has come to stay, and the wonder is that it did not come sooner. It supplies a feminine rendezvous to townswomen, refreshment, and that much of social entertainment for which society has no exact phrase, but which, in other circles, is fitly expressed as "passing the time of day." It fills picturesquely that vague interval between vespers and complines, or, more properly, between the propriety of the promenade and dressing for dinner. It adds another to the many ways women have found of eating in public.

Further up the avenue is a real English tea-room, kept by an Englishwoman. Here privacy is made much of, but privacy has three fascinating windows overlooking the corner of the Waldorf, and all that that implies. Miss Martyn has taken a second floor, and among graceful surroundings has set a number of little tea-tables, each unlike, where some interesting examples of English porcelain may be seen. As all English women, Miss Martyn makes an art of her brew, and has a mixture which she commends. The tea-room, however, is but an adjunct to the interesting service of preparing delicacies for the sick. It seems almost a pity to spend these Devonshire jellies, potted chickens, sweet-breads, and jellies on people of languid appreciation when there are always relatives well enough to thoroughly enjoy them.

MARY GAY HUMPHREYS.

## A Talk with Yvette Guilbert.

"Oh, j'ai si peur!" The speaker was a tall, lanky Frenchwoman with a very prominent nose and a great shock of red hair. The place



GUILBERT IMITATING BERNHARDT.

was the sumptuous suite of rooms at the Savoy Hotel, lately occupied by the Princess Eulalia, of Spain, and the Frenchwoman was the famous ballad-singer, Yvette Guilbert. She said she was afraid, because that very evening she was to make her reappearance before the American public—that peculiar public not exactly representatively American which one finds in our music-halls—and she expressed her timidity in accents half serious, half playful.



A SNAP-SHOT AT GUILBERT.

"You see," she said, in her amiable, vivacious way, "singing here is quite different to singing in Paris. There the words and precise meaning of my songs are understood, and I feel my auditors are in perfect sympathy with the poet if not with me. Here it is *autre chose*.

I cannot count on an English or American audience—with its Anglo-Saxon element predominating—being in sympathy with the songs. Take, for instance, Jean Richépin's song, 'La Glu,' which Mr. Moody declares is shocking in sentiment. The evangelist is, no doubt, perfectly honest in his opinion. His inartistic

mind or soul, whatever you like to call our inner consciousness, utterly fails to understand this song. 'La Glu' is a parable. It tells of the difference between the love of the mother and the love of the courtesan. Need I add that its publication in Paris was one of the stepping-stones to Jean Richépin's fame as a poet? Yet I suppose we cannot be surprised at Mr. Moody or others who think it objectionable. They see only the words; they are incapable of appreciating the beautiful in art."

"Did you ever foresee your present success when you were a little girl?"

"No, of course I could have no idea of it, although I always felt that I could accomplish something. I did not know what I could do, but I felt that I was not intended for a life of oblivion."

"Later you became a model, I believe?"

"I was never an artist's model. That story is false. But when my father died our circumstances were very much reduced, and I had to go out and earn money. I found a position as lay figure at Worth's, the celebrated dressmaker. I was very thin, but I was tall and had a good figure, and so I was useful to try on new gowns for the customers' inspection. But having to stand so long was very fatiguing, and the wages were very low—about ten of your dollars a month—and I left Worth's to try my luck on the stage. About that you know."

"Since 1889 I have been able to save enough money to insure me for life an income of forty thousand francs, and at this moment I have signed and have still to fulfill contracts representing one million francs."

"It is surprising that you have never been ambitious to try the legitimate stage again."

"That is my ambition, but I must fill my

present contracts first, which will take me about twenty-one months. They are the last I shall sign for music-halls. After I have fulfilled them I expect to make my debut on the legitimate stage. What would be my favorite roles? Oh, *Camille*, *Fedora*, and all the Bernhardt and Duse roles."

A. H.

## A Willing Retraction

TO WHICH THE ATTENTION OF THE COLLEGE WORLD IS CALLED.

THE following extract of a letter from Mr. Robert R. Gailey, the well-known centre-rush of the champion Princeton foot-ball team of 1895-96, furnishes the text for a timely plea to college mentors of athletics, looking to the drafting of a set of uniform eligibility rules for candidates of the various athletic teams.

"I think you owe it to Princeton University and to myself, personally, to make a much needed correction in a statement made in the columns of FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY concerning myself."

"You say there something to this effect: 'Is it right that Woodruff, of University of Pennsylvania, and Gailey, of Princeton, who are married men, should be allowed to play with boys?'"

"I think your criticism is a very timely one in reference to Mr. Woodruff, or any married man who may be playing on a strictly amateur college team. I have been told that Mr. Woodruff is a married man, but would not allow the press to make the charge upon my authority, for I do not know Mr. Woodruff personally."

"But I do know that you are wide of the mark when you include Gailey, of Princeton, in the category of married men."

In justice to Mr. Gailey, the writer eagerly takes this opportunity to express regret that such a mistake should have been made, and duly promises that the "reliable authority" who supplied the canard shall be taken to task.

In acknowledging, however, this wrong to Mr. Gailey and Princeton University, the writer cannot refrain from a feeling of satisfaction at Mr. Gailey's expressed disapproval of married men playing on strictly amateur college teams, inasmuch as it is to be presumed that the concurrence of opinion will better seek to direct the

(Continued on page 454.)

## An Asthma Cure at Last.

It gives us great pleasure to announce the discovery of a positive cure for Asthma, in the wonderful Kola Plant, a new botanic product found on the Congo River, West Africa. The cures wrought by it in the worst cases are really marvelous. Sufferers of twenty to fifty years' standing have been at once restored to health by the Kola Plant. Among others, many ministers of the gospel testify to its wonderful powers. Rev. J. L. Combs, of Martinsburg, West Virginia, was perhaps the worst case, and was cured by the Kola Plant after fifty years' suffering. Mr. Albert C. Lewis, Washington, D. C., editor of the *Farmer's Magazine*, gives similar testimony, as do many others. To prove to you beyond doubt its wonderful curative power, the Kola Importing Company, No. 1164 Broadway, New York, will send a large case of the Kola Compound free by mail to every reader of LESLIE'S WEEKLY who suffers from any form of asthma. They only ask in return that when cured yourself you will tell your neighbors about it. You should surely try it, as it costs you nothing.

# ROYAL

## The absolutely pure BAKING POWDER.

ROYAL—the most celebrated of all the baking powders in the world—celebrated for its great leavening strength and purity. It makes your cakes, biscuit, bread, etc., healthful, it assures you against alum and all forms of adulteration that go with the cheap brands.



ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.



# PORTRAITS OF BERNHARDT BY HERSELF.

It is, no doubt, because she can write poems, paint pictures, model and carve statues, fence and swim almost as well as she can act, that Sarah Bernhardt is called "the divine Sarah." Her facility, with pen and ink, in making portraits not only of herself but of her friends, to beguile a leisure hour or record a



*Sarah Bernhardt*

*Theodoza*



*Sarah Bernhardt*

*Theodoza*

passing fancy, is but little known. Auto-portraits of Bernhardt in her principal rôles, worked out even to the details of the costumes about which she is so particular, are presented herewith to the readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY. The story of how they were made illustrates the *bonhomie*—if the word is permissible—of the great Frenchwoman whose genius, at least, has all that is fierce and powerful and overwhelming in the rush of the cataract, the roar of the thunder, and the sublime beauty of the moon upon the sea. Such a genius ceases to be feminine; it is human, even, only in the highest acceptance.

It was at a dinner to which several gentlemen prominent in journalistic and theatrical circles were invited, more than a decade ago, that Sarah Bernhardt seized a pencil from the fingers of a famous editor and sketched a likeness of him on the menu to which she had just affixed her autograph, at his request.



*Sarah Bernhardt*

*La Tosca*



THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF SARAH BERNHARDT.

She had written her name on the menu of each guest, as a souvenir of the occasion, and in that very charming Anglo-French which she spoke at that time had expressed, with many a "wreathed smile" and eloquent *allude*, the pleasure she experienced in making so many distinguished acquaintances, in whom she hoped to find friends.

When she dashed off the portrait of the gentleman on her left, to the surprise and delight of all, he bantered her to send him such a counterfeit p. sentiment of herself, and she promised that he should in due time receive it.

That was the end of the matter, he thought, but on the third day, as the story runs, he received from Madame Bernhardt a little packet inclosing her card and these pen-and-ink sketches of herself in her favorite characters.

It was in the course of the visit then made to the United States that Madame Bernhardt

was invited, one evening in Chicago, to attend a banquet in her honor arranged by a number of influential newspaper men. The spokesman delegated to bid her to the feast provided himself with an Ollendorff and a large bouquet of roses. On the way to the theatre he conned over those phrases which seemed to be appropriate to the occasion, and when presented to Madame Bernhardt in her dressing-room was so overcome by stage-fright that he asked her with much agitation if she had seen the green-cotton umbrella of his uncle from Alsace.

It is a pleasure to present these evidences of Madame Bernhardt's artistic handicraft at this time and just after the whole of France has done her honor at the great fêtes held in Paris. The immediate scene of these tributary festivities—the throne, as it were, where the queen received in splendor the homage of the French public and of her great contemporaries in art, literature, music, and the drama—was the Renaissance Theatre, in Paris, of which house Bernhardt is the director and controlling spirit. Here, in accordance with the name she has given her



*Sarah Bernhardt Theodoza*

theatre, are produced the works of the ultra-modern school under her immediate patronage, and in some of which she gives her personal interpretation to the leading rôles.

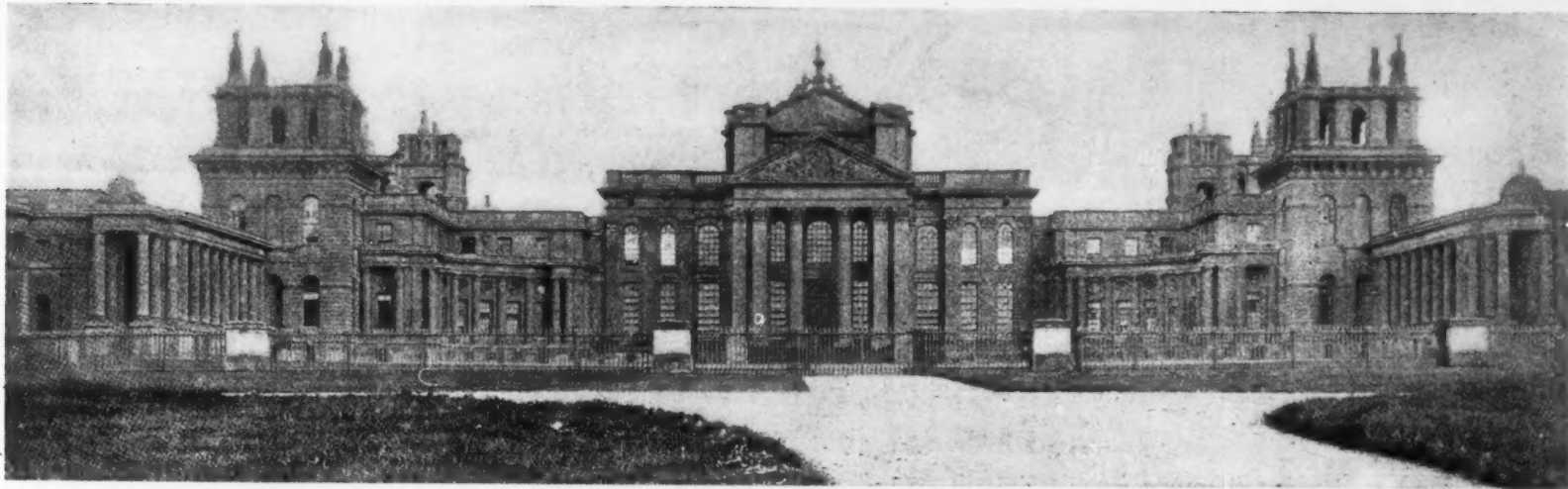
The recent fêtes may be regarded as the celebration of Sarah Bernhardt's silver wedding with the stage. It was a quarter of a century ago that she made her début at that historic Latin Quarter temple of Thespis, the Odéon Theatre, as Zanetto, in François Coppée's exquisite little play, "Le Passant." The occasion was doubly triumphant, inasmuch as it won for both actress and poet their first laurels. It was happily appropriate, therefore, to the recent commemoration, that Coppée should read a lyrical address composed in Sarah's honor—as did also his fellow-Academician, the poet Heredia.



*Sarah Bernhardt*

*La Tosca*





THE EXTERIOR OF BLENHEIM PALACE.—*St. James's Budget.*



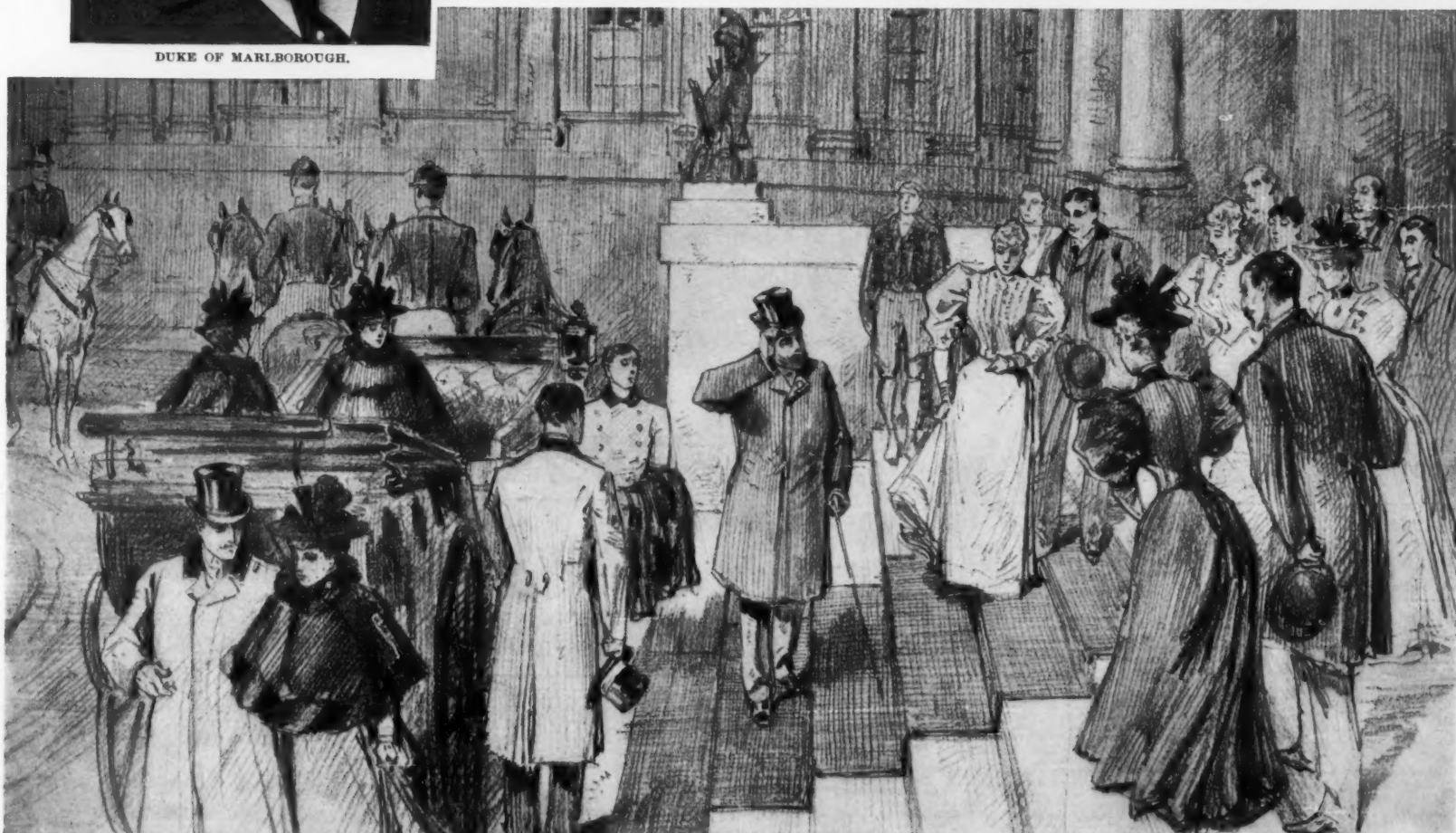
DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.



DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.



A DAY'S SHOOTING AT ABEL WOOD, OF THE BLENHEIM ESTATE.—*The Graphic.*



DEPARTURE OF THE ROYAL GUESTS FROM BLENHEIM PALACE.—*Illustrated London News.*

The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough have recently entertained great royal visitors in princely style. The youthful duchess did her part with exceeding grace, and her American friends and Vanderbilt kindred are gratified at her success.

VISIT OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES TO BLENHEIM CASTLE.



## PHILOSOPHY OF CONSOLATION.

DISGUSTED CLIENT—"This is tough—to lose my case finally on the appeal."

Lawyer—"Oh, I don't know. You won it twice in the lower courts. We've a leg on them, anyhow."

THE Sohmer Piano has always maintained a leading position, and to-day it has few equals, and no superiors. The Sohmer can rest upon its merits, and win every time.

## AMUSEMENTS.

**DALY'S** THEATRE, Broadway and 30th St. Evenings at 8.15. Matinees at 2. and the reappearance of Miss **ADA REHAN** Tues., Thurs., Sat.

**KOSTER & BIAL'S**. 34th St., near Broadway. Only Music Hall in America. To-night, Admission 50c. and Great Foreign Stars.

**YVETTE GUILBERT** and Great Foreign Stars.

**5th AVE. THEATRE** Evenings 8.15. Only Mat. Saturday. H. C. MINER, Prop'r. and Manager. BEGINNING MONDAY, NOV 23, **WM. CRANE**, In Martha Morton's new play, **A FOOL OF FORTUNE.**

## A LONG CHANCE.

"I MUST say, Goodthing, I was surprised at your taking the mother-in-law along on that honeymoon trip of yours to Naples."

"Well, you see, the old girl was forever quoting, 'See Naples, and then die!' so I thought I would chance it on her."

"WHEN playing on the road," said Mr. Hammond Ghostwalk, the great uncrowned tragedian, "I invariably put up at the first hotels."

"That's right," echoed his understudy—"the first cheap hotel he strikes in the vicinity of the railroad-station."

No Christmas and New Year's table should be without a bottle of the world-renowned Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters.

## Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world; twenty-five cents a bottle.

WHEN Dobbin's Electric Soap was first made in 1865 it cost twenty cents a bar. It is precisely the same ingredients and quality now and doesn't cost half. Buy it of your grocer and preserve your clothes. If he hasn't it, he will get it.

A COMBINATION of beverage and tonic. Improves drinking water—helps digestion. Abbott's Original Angostura Bitters. Druggists and dealers.

## FREE TO BALD HEADS.

We will mail on application, free information how to grow hair upon a bald head, stop falling hair, and remove scalp diseases. Address Altheim Medical Dispensary, Dep't E. A., Box 779, Cincinnati, Ohio.



**WHITE ROSE**  
TRADE MARK  
GLYCERINE SOAP

**UPHELD BY BEAUTIFUL WOMEN**  
EVERYWHERE as the finest, most delicate Toilet Soap manufactured. Always ask for and insist upon having "No. 4711" **WHITE ROSE GLYCERINE SOAP.**  
Transparent as Crystal.  
MILBENS & KROPPF, New York, U.S.A. Agents

## A RARE CHANCE.

The owner of a tract of forty acres, north of and in line of New York City's growth, has authorized me to dispose of it. Bids for subdivision into high-grade villa plots, or would make an ideal country-seat. Price, \$60,000. Other property might be accepted in part payment, or terms to suit. For further information address

J. W. Doolittle, 171 Broadway, New York.

**TEAS**  
Send this "ad." and 10c. in stamps and we will mail you 1/4 lb. of any kind of Tea you may select. The best imported. Good Teas and Coffees, 25c. per lb. We will send 5 pounds of FINE This is a special offer.  
THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,  
37 and 39 Vesey St., N. Y. P. O. Box 289.

**PERSONAL MAGNETISM** the key to health, wealth, happiness and success. 130 page book 10c. Prof. Anderson, W. L., 126 Masonic Temple, Chicago.

Send your name for a Souvenir of the Works of Eugene Field.

**FIELD & FLOWERS**  
The Eugene Field Monument Souvenir

The most beautiful Art Production of the century. "A small bunch of the most fragrant of blossoms gathered from the broad acres of Eugene Field's Farm of Love." Contains a selection of the most beautiful of the poems of Eugene Field. Handsomely illustrated by thirty-five of the world's greatest artists as their contribution to the Monument Fund. But for the noble contributions of the great artists this book could not have been manufactured for \$7.00. For sale at book stores, or sent prepaid on receipt of \$1.10. The love offering to the Child's Poet Laureate, published by the Committee to create a fund to build the Monument and to care for the family of the beloved poet.  
Eugene Field Monument Souvenir Fund,  
180 Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.

# STEINWAY

Pre-eminently the best Pianos made; exported to and sold in all art centres of the globe, and endorsed and preferred for private and public use by the greatest artists and scientists. Illustrated Catalogues mailed free upon application.

STEINWAY & SONS, 107-111 E. 14th St., NEW YORK.

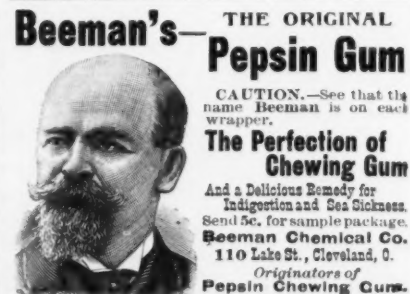


Half the trouble of washing the hair, cleaning and purifying the scalp is done away with if you use this soap. And then it's delightful for the every day toilet and bath.  
**CONSTANTINE'S PINE TAR SOAP**  
(Persian Healing)  
Sold by druggists.

**TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON**  
A laxative, refreshing fruit lozenge, very agreeable to take, for Constipation, hemorrhoids, bile, loss of appetite, gastric and intestinal troubles and headache arising from them.  
E. GRILLON, 33 Rue des Archives, Paris. Sold by all Druggists.

**THE CELEBRATED SONMER**  
Heads the list of the highest grade pianos. It is the favorite of the artists and the refined musical public.  
**SONMER & CO.,**  
Piano Manufacturers,  
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**WANTED—AN IDEA.** Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write **JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO.,** Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their \$1800 prize offer and list of 200 inventions wanted.



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CAUTION.—See that the name Beeman is on each wrapper.  
**The Perfection of Chewing Gum**  
And a Delicious Remedy for Indigestion and Sea Sickness. Send 5c. for sample package.  
**Beeman Chemical Co.**  
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Originators of Pepsin Chewing Gum.

**DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED.**  
Our INVISIBLE TUBE Cures help when all else fails as glasses help eyes. NO PAIN. Whispers heard. Send to F. Hincz Co., 853 B'way, N. Y., for Book and Proof. FREE

## A Willing Retraction.

(Continued from page 451.)

attention of the college world to the subject and thus hasten an action greatly to be desired. If married men must play with boys, let them do so in their homes.

But married men should not only be legislated out of college athletics, but also boys, for instance, who are incapable of playing games and keeping up their college work as well.

Can there be any possible excuse offered for this class of ineligible? None whatsoever. Yet there were a number who played foot-ball the season just passed whose knowledge of their books was by no means up to recognized standards. Brewer, of Harvard, could not secure his degree last June, yet, as a member of the Harvard Law School, he played on the Harvard eleven against Princeton. And Baird, Princeton's star at full-back, found himself unable to continue with his class after the season of 1895. Yet he played this year.

Cases similar to these are not countenanced at certain other colleges, and the certain other colleges have the right ideas in thus placing a student's books above his athletics. And as they are right, so then, in fairness to all, should uniform rules be adopted which shall cover such cases and others which space will not permit of my mentioning.

The lack of uniformity in requirements of college athletics was never more apparent nor more flagrant than now. Let our college men get together at once and make possible this reform.

W. T. BULL.

## Photography Simplified.

Picture taking with the Improved Bulls-Eye camera is the refinement of photographic luxury. It makes photography easy for the novice—delightful for everybody.

**LOADS IN DAYLIGHT** with our light-proof film cartridges. Splendid achromatic lens, improved rotary shutter, set of three stops. Handsome finish.  
Price, Improved No. 2 Bulls-Eye, for pictures 2 1/2 x 3 1/2 inches, \$5.00  
Light-proof Film (Cartridge, 12 exposures, 2 1/2 x 3 1/2, .60  
Complete Developing and Printing Outfit, 1.50

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Matchless in Every Feature!

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Three tours to California and the Pacific Coast, under the personally-conducted system of the

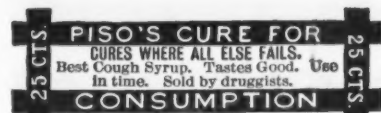
## PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

Four weeks to nine months on the Pacific Coast. Special Pullman Vestibule Trains will leave New York and Philadelphia January 27, February 24, and March 27, 1897. (Boston one day earlier.)

## MAGNIFICENT WINTER OUTINGS

of the highest grade in every particular. Round-trip rates from New York, Philadelphia, and points east of Pittsburgh: First tour, \$310; second tour, \$350; third tour, \$210; From Boston: First tour, \$315; second, \$355; third, \$220.

For itineraries and all information of California, Florida, and Washington tours, apply to Tourist Agent Pennsylvania Railroad, 1196 Broadway, New York; 205 Washington St., Boston; 789 Broad St., Newark, N. J.; or Geo. W. Boyd, Asst Gen'l Pass. Agent, Philadelphia.



**PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION**  
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.  
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use In time. Sold by druggists.

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**THE LANGHAM** Portland Place. Unrivalled situation at top of Regent Street. A favorite hotel with Americans. Every modern improvement.

Within the reach of all.  
**ACCIDENT TICKETS.**

**THE INTER-STATE**  
Casualty Company of New York gives **SIX MONTHS' insurance, \$1,000 for \$1.00,** to Men or Women

between 18 and 60 years of age, against accidental death. \$100,000 deposited with the Insurance Department of the State of New York for the security of the insured.

For Sale at  
**LANSING'S TICKET OFFICES,**  
307 Broadway, New York.



**BIG FOUR ROUTE**  
—TO—  
**WESTERN and SOUTHERN POINTS.**

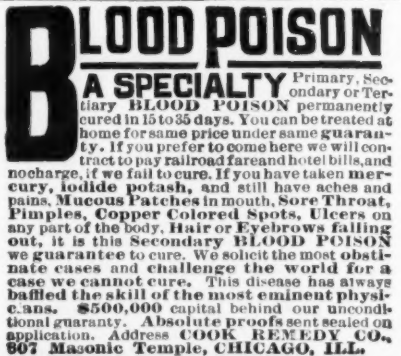
Through Sleeping Cars from  
New York and Boston to Cincinnati, Indianapolis and St. Louis

—VIA—  
Boston & Albany R. R., New York Central to Buffalo, L. S. & M. S. Ry. to Cleveland, Big Four Route to Destination.

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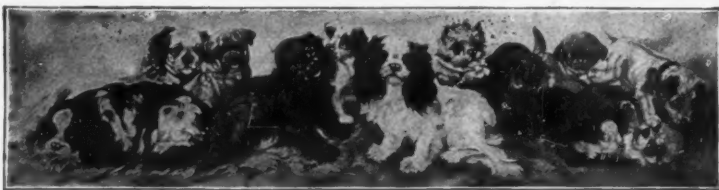
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**BLOOD POISON**  
**A SPECIALTY** Primary, Secondary or Tertiary **BLOOD POISON** permanently cured in 15 to 35 days. You can be treated at home for same price under same guaranty. If you prefer to come here we will contract to pay railroad fare and hotel bills, and no charge, if we fail to cure. If you have taken mercury, iodide, potassium, and still have aches and pains, Mucous Patches in mouth, Sore Throat, Pimples, Copper Colored Spots, Ulcers on any part of the body, Hair or Eyebrows falling out, it is this Secondary **BLOOD POISON** we guarantee to cure. We solicit the most obstinate cases and challenge the world for a case we cannot cure. This disease has always baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians. \$500,000 capital behind our unconditional guaranty. Absolute proofs sent sealed on application. Address **COOK REMEDY CO., 807 Masonic Temple, CHICAGO, ILL.**



**LINENE REVERSIBLE COLLARS AND CUFFS.**  
TRADE MARK **TASSO**  
MADE OF FINE CLOTH IN ALL POPULAR STYLES.  
Equal in Fit and Wear to finest linen  
Not to be laundered; when soiled reverse, then discard.  
**LUXURIOUS and ECONOMICAL.**  
Sold at all leading Gent's Furnishing Stores, but if not found send twenty-five cents for a box of ten Collars or five pairs of Cuffs, naming the size and style.  
Sample Collar and pair of Cuffs sent for 6 CENTS.  
**REVERSIBLE COLLAR CO.** 81 Franklin St., New York



Dear Madam:  
An exquisite reproduction in 14 colors of Von Udenberg's oil painting "Our Dutch Show," representing a yard of playful puppies will be given with the Christmas Number of Demorest's Magazine (published Nov. 15). The size of the picture is 10 x 36 inches. It will make a most beautiful ornament for your parlor when framed. Last year's Christmas Number with its beautiful premium picture was sold out five days after its publication and a large number of our friends who sent in their orders for a copy too late were unable to secure it.  
If you will return this card to us now with 20c in stamps (one cent stamps preferred) enclosed in a sealed envelope we will send the picture and the magazine to your address as soon as it is published. (If you want an extra copy as a Christmas gift for a friend send 40c. in stamps.)  
The edition will be limited & only those who order at once will be absolutely sure of getting a copy. You will say it is the cutest picture you ever saw when it reaches you.  
Address

Demorest's Family Magazine  
No. 110 Fifth Ave., New York City

**EVERARD'S TURKISH, RUSSIAN AND ELECTRIC BATHS.** Permanent and Transient Rooms. Moderate Prices. 24 to 30 West 28th Street, NEW YORK CITY.



# LEGAL NOTICES.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT IN THE "CITY RECORD" commencing on the 80th day of November, 1896, and continuing therein consecutively for nine (9) days thereafter, of the confirmation by the Board of Revision and Correction of Assessments and Entry in the Bureau of Arrears of the following Assessments for local improvements in the respective wards herein designated: FIRST WARD—GOUVERNEUR LANE, PAVING AND LAYING CROSSWALKS, from Water Street to South Street; WALL STREET, PAVING AND LAYING CROSSWALKS, between Pearl and South streets.

THIRD WARD—GREENWICH STREET, BASIN, southeast corner of Fulton Street.

FOURTH WARD—JAMES SLIP, PAVING, between Cherry and South streets.

ELEVENTH WARD—SIXTH STREET, SEWER OUTLET, between East River and Avenue D.

TWELFTH WARD—BOULEVARD, LAFAYETTE AND ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SEVENTH STREET, CROSSWALK, at their junction with the west side of Eleventh Avenue; CATHEDRAL PARKWAY, SEWER, between Columbus and Amsterdam avenues; EIGHTH AVENUE, SEWER, between One Hundred and Fiftieth and One Hundred and Fifty-third streets, with BRANCH SEWERS in One Hundred and Fifty-first and One Hundred and Fifty-second streets.

FIFTH AVENUE, SEWERS, between Ninetieth and Ninety-eighth streets; MARGINAL STREET, SEWER, between One Hundred and Seventh and One Hundred and Tenth streets, with BRANCHES in One Hundred and Seventh, One Hundred and Eighth, and One Hundred and Ninth streets, between Marginal Street and First Avenue; NINETEENTH STREET, REGULATING, REGRADING, CURBING, AND FLAGGING, between Third and Park avenues; NINETEENTH AND NINETEENTH STREETS, BASIN, on the northwest and southwest corners of Lexington Avenue; NINETEENTH STREET, SEWER, between Riverside and West End avenues; ONE HUNDRED AND FOURTEENTH STREET, SEWER, between Amsterdam Avenue and Morningside Avenue, West; ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTIETH STREET, SEWER, between Convent Avenue and St. Nicholas Terrace; TWO HUNDRED AND THIRD STREET, REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING, AND FLAGGING, from Amsterdam Avenue to Harlem River; TWO HUNDRED AND EIGHTH STREET, REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING, AND FLAGGING, from Amsterdam Avenue to Harlem River; NINETEENTH STREET, PAVING, between Park and Fifth avenues.

FIFTEENTH WARD—FIFTH AVENUE, SEWER, between Twelfth and Thirteenth streets.

SIXTEENTH, EIGHTEENTH, TWENTIETH, AND TWENTY-FIRST WARD—TWENTY-THIRD STREET, SEWER OUTLET, between North River and Tenth Avenue; also, SEWER in Eleventh Avenue, between Twenty-third and Twenty-seventh streets; also, SEWER in Thirteenth Avenue, east side, between Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth streets.

EIGHTEENTH WARD—FIFTEENTH STREET, SEWER, between First and Second avenues; EIGHTEENTH STREET, BASIN, north side, at Avenue C.

NINETEENTH WARD—SEVENTY-SIXTH STREET, SEWER, between Park and Madison avenues; EIGHTIETH STREET, BASIN, northeast corner of Madison Avenue.

TWENTY-THIRD WARD—CEDAR PLACE, SEWER, between Eagle and Cauldwell avenues; FOREST AVENUE, REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING, FLAGGING, AND LAYING CROSSWALKS, between Home Street and One Hundred and Sixty-eighth Street; FOREST AVENUE, BASIN, southeast corner of One Hundred and Sixty-fifth Street; FOREST AVENUE, BASIN, northeast corner of One Hundred and Sixty-fifth Street; FULTON AVENUE, BASIN, northeast corner of One Hundred and Sixty-eighth Street; BEACH AVENUE, SEWER, between One Hundred and Forty-ninth Street and the street summit south of One Hundred and Forty-ninth Street; JEROME AVENUE, BASIN, west side, opposite One Hundred and Sixty-fourth Street; on the southeast corner of One Hundred and Sixty-fifth Street; on the west side, opposite McClellan Street (Endow Place), and on the northeast corner of Clark Place; ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-THIRD STREET, REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING, AND FLAGGING, between Locust and Trinity avenues; ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FIRST STREET, REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING, FLAGGING, LAYING CROSSWALKS, AND BUILDING CULVERTS, between Third and Gerard avenues; ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-THIRD STREET, REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING, AND FLAGGING, from Railroad Avenue west to Morris Avenue; ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FOURTH STREET, REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING, FLAGGING, AND LAYING CROSSWALKS, from Railroad Avenue, West; RAILROAD AVENUE, WEST, REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING, FLAGGING, AND LAYING CROSSWALKS, from Morris Avenue to One Hundred and Sixty-fifth Street; ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-FOURTH STREET, PAVING, between Mott and Rider avenues.

TWENTY-THIRD AND TWENTY-FOURTH WARD—INTERVALE AVENUE, SEWER, from Southern Boulevard to Wilkins Place.

TWENTY-FOURTH WARD—ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-NINTH STREET, SEWERS, between Valentine and Third avenues; PELHAM AVENUE, SEWER, extension to Vanderbilt Avenue, west; PELHAM AVENUE, SEWER, from Webster Avenue to Lorillard Place; PELHAM AVENUE, BASIN, north side, east of New York and Harlem Railroad; ST. PAUL'S PLACE, BASIN, northeast and northwest corners of Third Avenue; THIRD AVENUE, SEWER, from One Hundred and Seventy-first Street to Westchester Avenue; VANDERBILT AVENUE, EAST, SEWER, between One Hundred and Seventy-sixth Street and Tremont Avenue; also, SEWER in Tremont Avenue, between Vanderbilt Avenue, east, and Third Avenue; also, SEWERS in Washington and Bathgate avenues, between Tremont Avenue and One Hundred and Seventy-eighth Street; WEBSTER AVENUE, BASIN, northwest corner of One Hundred and Sixty-seventh Street, and on the east side of Webster Avenue, opposite One Hundred and Seventy-second Street.

ASHBEL P. FITCH, Comptroller.

City of New York, Finance Department, Comptroller's Office, December 4th, 1896.

PROPOSALS FOR GROCERIES, FLOUR, ETC., will be opened at the Office of the Department of Correction, No. 148 East Twentieth Street, on December 21st, 1896.

For particulars, see CITY RECORD.

PROPOSALS for MEATS, CONDENSED MILK, FRESH COW'S MILK, FISH, POULTRY, COAL, will be opened at the Office of the Department of Correction, No. 148 East Twentieth Street, on December 23d, 1896.

For particulars, see CITY RECORD.

Judge Bicycles by their condition

at the end of the season.—If yours is a CRIMSON RIM you won't need a new mount in 1897—nor for many years—unless you are determined to always have the latest wrinkles—then you will want a new SYRACUSE BICYCLE each season.

Makers:

SYRACUSE CYCLE COMPANY,

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There is but one SYRACUSE—

It is the CRIMSON RIM.

## OVERHEARD IN THE CAFE MARTIN.

"CONGRATULATE me! I have at last found a publisher who believes in me. He has accepted my novel."

"Good boy! When does he bring it out?"

"Oh, as soon as he can find a printer who has faith in him."

## OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES.

A COMPOSER of "music-of-the-future" persuasion was seated at the piano, hammering away at a little thing of his own. His five-year-old daughter, in another wing of the house, asked:

"Mamma, where is papa?"

"Why, he is in his music-room, dear."

"No, he isn't, mamma," persisted the child.

"Don't you hear the piano-tuner at work there?"

## CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER "CASES."

TENDERLOIN CABMAN—"Can't take this dollar, sir. It looks to be no good."

Genial Rounder—"No? How about the half-dollar I gave you for a tip?"

"Oh, that's all right."

"Well, then, take the half-dollar for your fare—it's your legal rate—and keep the dollar for yourself."

Profuse acknowledgments on the part of cabby.

**BARKER BRAND COLLARS ARE THE BEST.**

Wm BARKER, Manufacturer, TROY, N.Y.

## BOKER'S BITTERS

A TONIC, A SPECIFIC AGAINST DYSPEPSIA, AN APPETIZER AND A DELICACY IN DRINKS.

For sale in quarts and pints by leading Grocers, Liquor Dealers and Druggists.

## CALIFORNIA

If you are going there

by all means inquire about the Burlington Route Personally Conducted Excursions to San Francisco and Los Angeles, which leave Chicago every Wednesday with a Pullman Palace Tourist Car through to destination. The route is via Denver, the Denver and Rio Grande Railway (Scenic Line) and Salt Lake City. The cars are fitted with carpets, upholstered seats, mattresses, pillows, blankets, bed linen, berth curtains, toilet rooms, heat and light, and, in fact, all the conveniences of a standard Pullman Palace car; they lack only some of the expensive finish of the Pullmans run on the limited express trains, while the cost per berth is only about one-third (1/3) of the price.

Write for full particulars to T. A. GRADY, Excursion Manager, C. B. & Q. R. R., 211 Clark Street, Chicago, Illinois.



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**THE CLUB = COCKTAILS**  
MANHATTAN, MARTINI, WHISKEY, HOLLAND GIN. TOM GIN, VERMOUTH and YORK.  
We guarantee these Cocktails to be made of absolutely pure and well-matured liquors and the mixing equal to the best cocktails served over any bar in the world. Being compounded in accurate proportions, they will always be found of uniform quality. Connoisseurs agree that of two cocktails made of the same material and proportions the one which is aged must be the better.  
Try our YORK Cocktail made without any sweetening—dry and delicious.  
For Sale on the Dining and Buffet Cars of the principal railroads of the U. S.  
**AVOID IMITATIONS.**  
For Sale by all Druggists and Dealers.  
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"It may be true what some men say. It maun be true what a'men say."  
**PUBLIC OPINION**  
endorses Sapolio.—  
It is a solid cake of scouring soap...

For many years SAPOLIO has stood as the finest and best article of this kind in the world. It knows no equal, and, although it costs a trifle more its durability makes it outlast two cakes of cheap makes. It is therefore the cheapest in the end. Any grocer will supply it at a reasonable price.

## Something for the Children from 6 to 60 Years

### THE LATEST TALKING MACHINE.

# ECHOPHONE.

When Edison invented the phonograph, which reproduces the human voice, it was considered the greatest invention of the age—and so it was.

Just think a moment:—Human voices, bands of music, songs of all kinds, speeches and lectures by great statesmen reproduced by these machines.

Why are not phonographs in every household? They cost too much—\$40 to \$200.

We have solved the problem. An Echophone will be shipped you (express charges to be paid by the purchaser), and "Leslie's Weekly" every week for one year, for the remarkably low price of \$7.00.

The Echophone is run by clock-work. Any child can operate it. One record goes with each machine; extra records, 50 cents each. The phonograph and graphophone cylinders can be used in this machine. If the talking machine is not perfectly satisfactory, we will refund you your money.

"Leslie's Weekly" is considered the best and most popular illustrated weekly in America. Its subscription price is \$4.00 per year, and the Echophone \$10.00. Now you wonder how we can sell both for \$7.00. We will tell you. We want 250,000 subscribers to "Leslie's Weekly." We believe that we will get them this way. Those who advertise with us when we publish that number of papers will pay for our loss now. Therefore, the number of machines will be limited—"First come, first served."

**LESLIE'S WEEKLY,**  
110 Fifth Avenue, New York City.  
**ECHOPHONE RECORD-COUPON.**

Forty Cents and this coupon will buy you one Echophone record. (Regular price, 50 cents.)

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
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SOCIAL AGONIES.

THAT pleasant moment when you find you have placed a five-dollar gold-piece in the contribution-plate under the impression that it was a cent.

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The only genuine "Baker's Chocolate," celebrated for more than a century as a delicious, nutritious, and flesh-forming beverage, is put up in Blue Wrappers and Yellow Labels. Be sure that the Yellow Label and our Trade-Mark are on every package.

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Smoking Jackets,  
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Dress Shirts, Collars and Cuffs.  
Mufflers, Silk Handkerchiefs.  
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Street and Driving Gloves.  
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MEN'S LINEN COLLARS AND CUFFS  
"ARE THE BEST"  
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE



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**FLAGS OF ALL NATIONS,**  
Flags of all States, Provinces and Generals of  
the country, China, Japan, Korea, India,  
Siam, and many other countries in Europe,  
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HIGHEST IN PRICE,  
FINEST IN QUALITY.  
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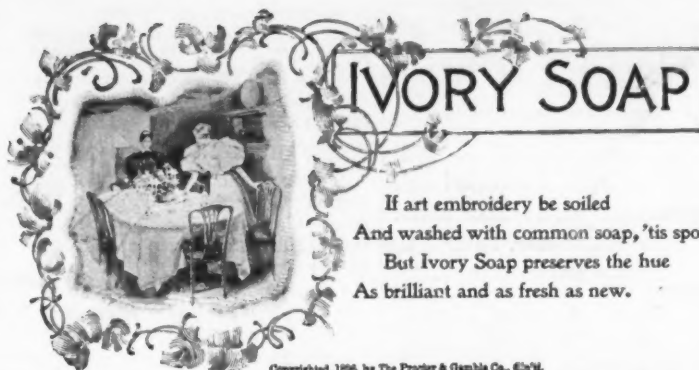
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and bad roads turn to  
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are built that way.

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